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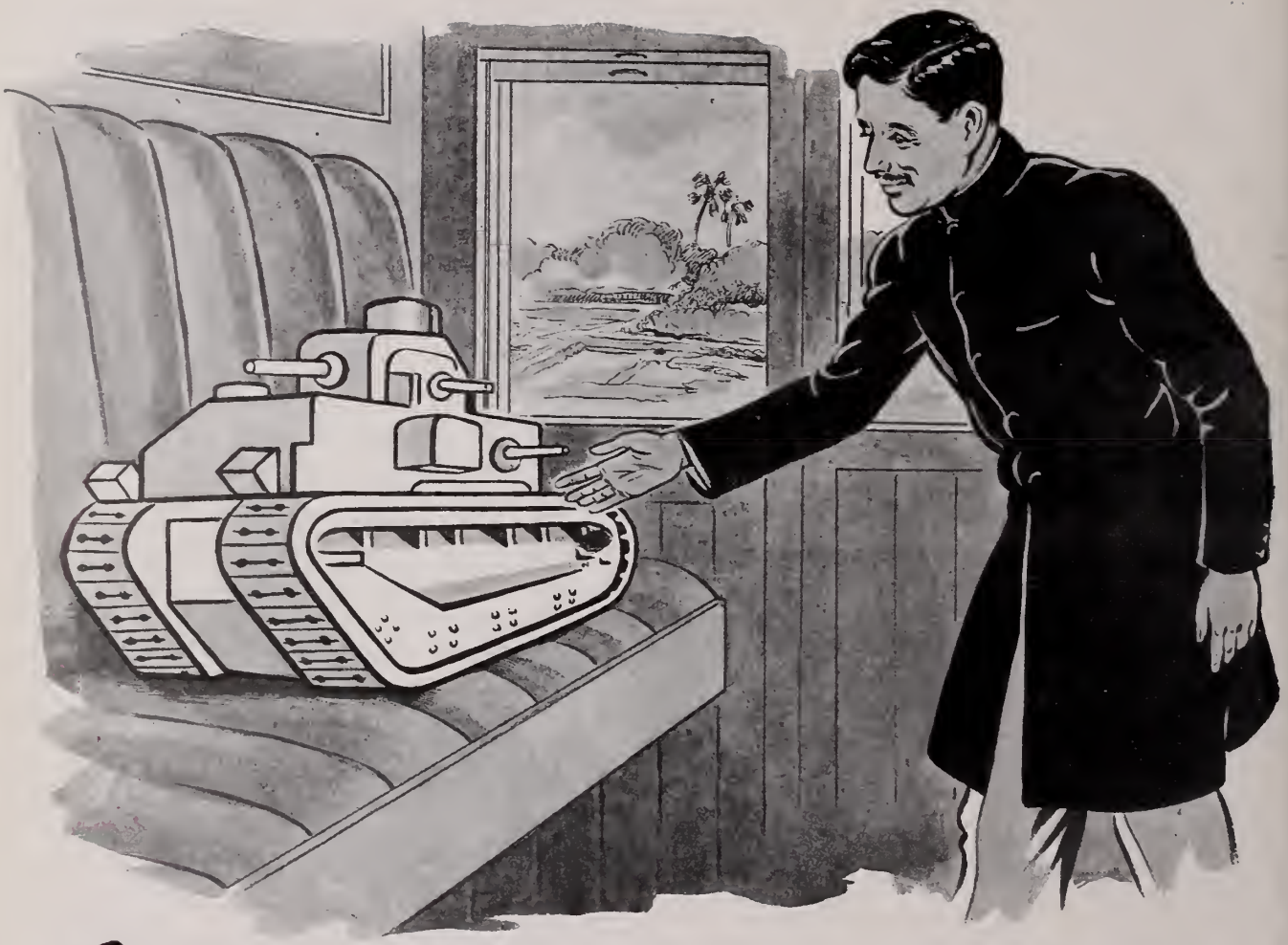

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OCTOBER 1942

VOL. 8 **NO. 10**

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Subscription is accepted only for a collective period of 12 months and not for a smaller period.

Subscription money should be remitted only by Money Order or by Postal Order but not by cheques. V.P.P.s will not be sent.

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Contributions: Only from qualified writers, contributions are accepted. Manuscripts sent by sundry contributors will be returned if only sufficient postage is sent to cover their return.

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filmindia

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Editor: BABURAO PATEL

"National" Newsreels

For years every intellectual who has something to do with the Indian film industry has been shouting for an Indian newsreel as an indispensable item of our daily entertainment.

For years some one or other has been giving us promises about going into newsreel production on small or big scale, but so far nothing has ever come out from any Indian producer.

Indian producers have not yet mastered the art of regular feature production and their activities are still on the speculative basis. More pictures fail in India than succeed and those few that succeed keep the home-fires of the industry burning.

When pictures succeed their producers are the people who are the most surprised. Our producers still do not know why certain pictures succeed and others fail.

For a year now producers all over the country have been trying to explain away the thundering success of "Khazanchi". Even Dalsukh Pancholi, its producer, hasn't yet found out the secret.

When feature production, the main item of our film industry, is still in this stage of amateurish perfection, how can any one expect any Indian producer to venture into the uncertain field of newsreel production, where profits are precarious and success not guaranteed.

Considering all these circumstances, unfortunate though they are, we welcome the formation of the Indian Movietone News, a subsidiary of the 20th Century-Fox, for the production of national newsreels of

Beauty needs no Adornment

Real beauty does not depend on fine silks, nor will costly ornaments bring out a charm which is not there. But one essential there is, without which real beauty cannot exist the attribute of a clear and lovely skin. Pond's Creams are a sure and proven aid to a petal-like complexion. In just a few weeks your skin will be softer, smoother and glowing.

POND'S COLD CREAM
should be rubbed gently into your face night and morning, and removed after a few minutes. It sinks deep into the pores, melts away oil and grime and provides essential nourishment.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM
is greaseless and so can be used during the day. It smooths the skin and provides a thin film of protection against exposure to sun, dust and grime.

Pond's Creams

ıdia, in four principal languages: Hindi, Bengali, amil and Telugu.

The only objectionable feature of this new company, foreign though it is, is its association with the overnment of India It is reported that the Governıent of India will finance this project, at least through ıe war, so that the productions of this new company ıay contribute to the war efforts of the Allies.

While no one disputes the virtue and urgency of ıe Allies winning this war, one would not like Govrnment interference with a newsreel which has the ıme functions as a newspaper — dissemination of ɔrrect, truthful, undoctored news and not party proaganda.

While we rely upon C. B. Newbery the 20th Cenıry-Fox Chief in India to ward off, as much as posble, any unreasonable Government interference, we ope that he will be able to harness this great opporınity by giving us some real news with speed and fficiency, the two inevitable factors of newsreel proıction.

Seeing the impotency of our producers in the field newsreel production, we are reluctantly compelled support the efforts of the Indian Movietone News in ıe hope that some day our own producers may be ble to take advantage of the spade work done by this ew company.

We, however, warn C. B. Newbery about his preıntation of the Indian news items. With all the reered leaders of the country in jail all the national news also in prison. Those that are out are hardly the presentatives of the people of the country. What ıese outsiders say is not news to any one.

So whatever legitimate news scope is left now ıould be used by this Company with a strict regard to ıe general sentiment of the people.

We do not want any cock-eyed news, filtered in elhi and doled out through provincial censors.

As long as the Indian Movietone News follows this ıle they will find us good friends.

robably to match with Mumtaz Shanti, Ashok Kumar made to wear a Punjabi headgear in "Kismet", the

A Bridge and Beauty Four

What if they do talk about beauty in-between-times? Loveliness is as important as losers! And with four such aces in one hand, Icilma is a slam call every time.

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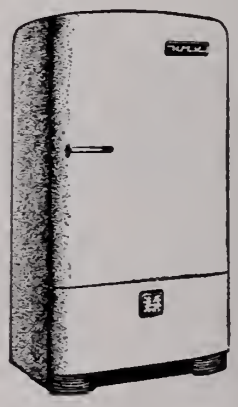

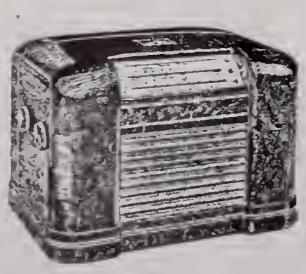

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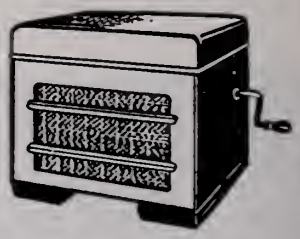

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

RECORDS ★ GRAMOPHONES ★ RADIO ★ REFRIGERATORS

Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

SHANTARAM, A HEADACHE

This man Shantaram is proving a headache to the newspeople. Every day he is upto something new. Since the day, he entered the Maharashtra Film Company studios in Kolhapur, as a bell-boy, nearly 22 years back, he has been constantly changing himself to suit new ambitions.

Only last month we reported that he had submitted his resignation as the F.A.B. Film Producer to the Government of India. We now understand that the Government are not so anxious to relieve him from the post. But to meet Shantaram's new business commitments, they have reshuffled his resignation and now call him, the Honorary Film Adviser to the Government of India—which means that from now onwards Shantaram stops drawing Rs. 2500/- which he used to every month and, while giving his supervision free to the F.A.B. productions, he continues with his own business activities.

That reminds us of Shantaram's business activities. Last month he burst into our offices and bubbled out that he had purchased the National Studios for a little over seven lakhs of rupees.

Caught by his own enthusiasm and loving his own voice, which he has always done, he went out of his way to deliver an address to the entire staff of the National Studios and assured them all of permanent prospects under him. He even suggested that all producers working with him should assemble for a common community lunch every day so that feelings of fellowship may be promoted between one another.

All seemed to have been set fair and Shantaram started negotiating for new man-power, for efficient management and called on a hundred and odd people to discuss new ideas, sign up new arrangements and incidentally be congratulated on his enterprise by one and all.

Because Shantaram can't live without constant appreciation. He needs it as much as air, water and food.

BECOMES A LAUGHING STOCK

But little did Shantaram dream that he was soon to become the laughing stock of the very people to whom he had given an assurance of permanent prospects.

With his rural honesty, cultivated in Kolhapur and Poona, little did he foresee the competitive tactics of the city business life.

Wise and clever guys at the head of the National Studios suddenly realized that by his big offer Shantaram had brought the National Studios into a competitive market. And true to their hopes, Keki Mody, the Western India Theatres Chief, stepped into severe competition with an increased offer of eight lakhs and put more money down than Shantaram could place on the table.

Mr. SHANTARAM

For a while the Directors of the National Studios looked stunned and they decided to hand over the studios to the highest bidder. So they asked both the competitors to submit their revised offer in sealed envelopes.

While K. M. Mody with his characteristic enterprise submitted an offer of eight and half lakhs, Shantaram vindicated himself with the following short letter to the National Studios:

17th Sept. 1942.

"My best compliments to all the Gentlemen of your Board of Directors.

Reference yours of 17th instant, I regret, I AM NOT FOR SALE ON YOUR AUCTION BLOCK ANY LONGER.

Cordially Yours,
V. Shantaram".

That shows that Shantaram got angry for being frustrated so sadly in his very first business skirmish in the metropolis.

Now Shantaram has started doubting himself. Every morning he gets up and pinches his own bottom to see whether he is really living or dead.

HIS NEW TEMPLE OF ART

The necessity of saving his face now became a virtue of the moment. So Producer-director Shantaram went out and purchased the Wadia Movietone Studios lock, stock and barrel, for a little over two lakhs.

Only a month back, when we had suggested his buying up these studios, Shantaram had refused to go even the way that leads to the studios.

To make sure of at least these studios he got hold of Producer Jamshed Wadia and made him sign away the studios at 2 A.M. in the morning. It was late in the afternoon of the next day that gentle Jamshed rea-

D. R. D. PRODUCTIONS'

"ISHARA"

(BASED ON DEWAN SHARAR'S NOVEL **"GONG OF SHIVA")**

A STORY OF TODAY

Of youth facing with supreme courage the prison fetters of ignorance and poverty. Of age blindly seeking to do its duty. Of situations fraught with humour. Taut with Tension — Throbbing with Life.

A PICTURE FOR THE MILLIONS

Directed by:—**J. K. NANDA**

Starring:

PRITHVIRAJ, JAGDISH, SATISH, with PRATIMA DEVI,
MASOOD, SWARNALATA and
SURAIYA

Produced by

D. R. D. WADIA

Head Office:
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Telephone: **26783**
Telegrams: **"AEROPLANE"**

Production Office:
SHREE SOUND STUDIOS,
10, Goculdas Pasta Road,
Dadar, Bombay.

With something or other on her head, Sardar Akhtar always looks graceful. Here she is in "Uljhan", a social picture of Acharya Art.

lized that had he waited a day longer he would have sold the studios for a little over three lakhs.

Now Shantaram brags of turning the old Lavji Castle grounds into a "heaven" or "temple" of art and into a future home of progressive pictures.

Five years back Shantaram was dreaming of constructing twelve sound stages at Prabhat and producing twenty four pictures a year with Indian newsreels to boot.

Five years later the dreams vanished and Shantaram himself went out of Prabhat with a little over three lakhs as his share of the spoils.

With three lakhs previously earned, Shantaram is now worth six lakhs of British money as his worldly wealth. Quite a good acquisition for a one-time bell-boy.

LIKE ALICE IN WONDERLAND

But in this city where the crores of Cotton-King Govindram Sekhsaria go unnoticed, Shantaram had to do something to give evidence of his opulence.

He, therefore, started a new distributing company known as the Silver Screen Exchange and secured New Huns' "Damaji" for its very first release.

The decorated office of the Silver Screen Exchange is a complete evidence of Shantaram's overflow of money. We wonder whether Shantaram feels like Alice in Wonderland, every time he steps into the boudoir like office of the Silver Screen Exchange, with Manager B. A. Peshkar as its most unromantic inmate.

Now Shantaram threatens to go into production of his own and has already announced "Shakuntala", the classic romance of Poet Kalidas. No one, including Shantaram, can say when this picture will be ready. It is quite likely that the idea may be entirely given up as a hundred other plans have been thrown overboard in the past.

We only hope that Shantaram now realizes that business in the city is not carried on with the "Mandai" methods of Poona. Only speed and efficiency can give Shantaram the second run of success for which he is now craving.

KARDAR'S BAD MANNERS

Producer-director Abdul Rashid Kardar is nowadays in bad temper with "filmindia". Only four months back, he announced a praiseworthy ambition to encourage story writers all over the country.

We took up the cue and appealed to our readers asking them to send stories to Kardar. Producer-director Kardar now tells us that he has received several hundreds of amateur and professional stories and it would take him years of hard work to go through them all.

He has already appointed four readers who are daily going through their job with a martyr's looks.

Doesn't Damuanna look absolutely respectable in "Ever Yours" a Navyug comedy?

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K. 2173 Filmindia Oct 1942

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Tata's EAU DE COLOGNE
80°

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Producer Kardar has already purchased, from this lot, two stories: "Bahar" from Shanker Deo Mehta, Kutcheri Road, Lucknow for Rs. 1500/-. and "Gopi", from Madhav Rao, M.A., South Parade, Bangalore, for Rs. 1200/-.

Kardar promises to go through all the stories carefully but requests people who have sent their stuff not to indulge in unnecessary correspondence. Kardar says that, to maintain ordinary courtesy, he has already exhausted 2000 of his delightfully sweet—and expensive —letter papers. Add to these the postal expense and the time wasted in correspondence and you will realize why the proverbially polite Kardar sulks nowadays when someone mentions "filmindia".

We request our story-writing readers to give Kardar a little rest: He is bound to pick up a couple of more stories from the lot he has in hand and we are sure he will pay well for them. In the meanwhile. those who are in a hurry to get gack their story scripts ought to send Kardar sufficient return postage, otherwise he stands to lose more in this game than he would earn in his pictures.

In the meantime, we would advise Kardar to look after his nerves a little bit more than before.

HULLO, D. R. D. WADIA!

Director Jai Kishen Nanda. who shot into prominence with his Punjabi picture "Kurmai". is once again in the saddle with D. R. D. Productions' "Ishara" going to the sets.

The production of "Ishara" is news by itself. because this is the first story of that famous international writer Dewan Sharar to go into production for the Indian Screen.

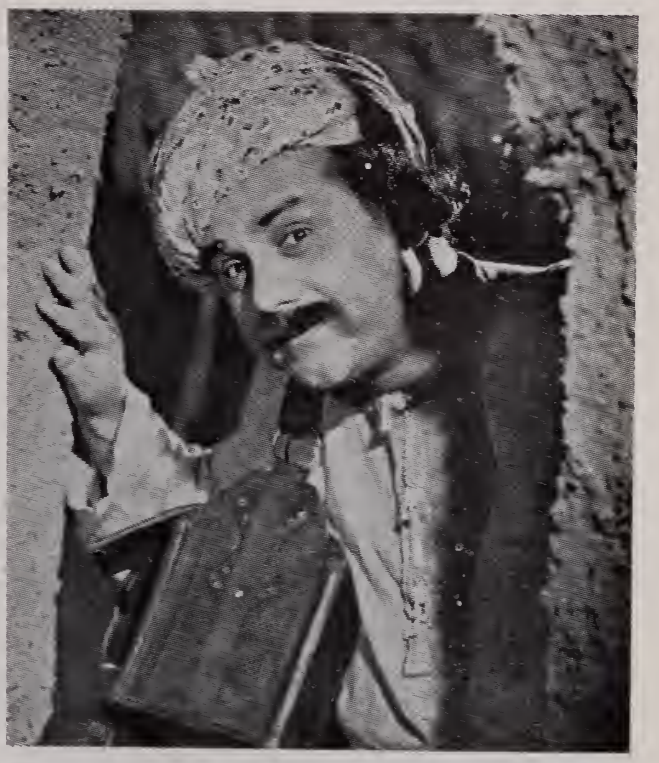
"Ishara" is the adaptation of Dewan Sharar's famous novel "The Gong of Shiva" which proved a good seller and was translated into several Continental languages.

Another distinctive feature of this production is the name of its producer Dady Wadia. Dady who, in addition to being a popular clubman of the city, is a photo and radio enthusiast of international repute and his association with film production is considered an acquisition to our film industry.

With his usual bubbling enthusiasm and probably infected by that Punjabi Nanda, Dady has already started talking.

The other day at the luncheon which D. R. D. Productions gave in celebration of the Muhurat ceremony, the irrepressible Dady said:

"D.R.D. Productions propose to give the public everything original and no imitations from Western films. It is the sacred duty of the producers to educate India's teeming millions to the right way of thinking towards Indian unity. Just because orthodoxy may have a box-office appeal, D.R D. Productions is not going to boost orthodoxy. Reason and progress are our aims."



That is how the ever-popular Mazhar Khan looks in "Uljhan", an Acharya Art Picture.

These are brave words and only in the light of these words the picture "Ishara", when it comes, will be reviewed by us. And we hope Dady Wadia remembers his own words throughout his production career.

ONCE AGAIN WITH JAMSHED

Gentle Jamshed is not a very gentle guy when it comes to business. He is quite aggressive—in business, we say, enterprising. Producer Jamshed Wadia must be all that because again on the quiet, without even the charming but very much interfering Mrs. Wadia knowing, he has produced the first picture in the Sindhi language.

The province of Sindh has only twenty-five and odd stations where there are picture houses, though the Sindhis in the Cricket Club of India show as if they have all come from Yankee land with theatres at every street corner, and it did need a bit of nerve to stake several thousands of rupees over such a limited scope. But with gentle Jamshed (don't fall heavily on that word "gentle') business logic has reverse values. He does something because the novelty of the thing appeals to him and then he brings down all his deep study of letters to justify his action.

Gulab, still charming as before, comes once again in "Dawat" a social picture of Eastern Pictures.

Whatever that be. "EKTA" the first Sindhi picture has proved a terrific success in Karachi where it was recently released at the Taj Mahal Talkies. "EKTA" which means unity in Sindhi deals principally with the vital problem of Hindu-Muslim unity which problem today is holding the freedom of India in abeyance.

GENTLE JAMSHED

In six startling reels Producer Jamshed Wadia has given a forcible argument, as forcible as the harsh Sindhi language is capable of, for national unity.

In his own message to the province of Sindh, Producer Jamshed Wadia writes: "Unity which is at once the sine qua non of all our ultimate aspirations—unity which will give a crushing answer to the challenge of fascism—unity which is the expression of friendship, tolerance and understanding among the sons of the soil —unity that must needs be achieved for securing our rightful place under the Sun with the progressive forces of the world etc., etc."

In this very patriotic strain "EKTA" has been produced and it is reported to have become a vibrant and dynamic picture in its message of unity.

Along with "EKTA" are also released two short films in Sindhi. One is a short comedy called "Misunderstanding", while the other is a musical short of two reels in which Professor Ram Panjwani, the famous bard of Sindh, sings national folk-lore songs in his usual thrilling, juicy style.

Well, we don't know what the Sindhis say about all this but a copy of "EKTA" should be shown to those Hurs who have recently brought Sindh into a lot of limelight.

R.C.A. LEADS THE WAY

Since the time talking pictures took an important part of the human time table, the recording and reproduction of sound have engaged the best research brains all over the world with the single obsession that machine recorded and reproduced sound. should be as near and natural to the human voice.

The R.C.A. research scientists seem to have achieved the almost impossible feat of securing this result as it is evident from the huge number of Academy Awards which R.C.A. Sound Systems have got for one reason or other, or for one achievement or another.

R.C A. Sound Recording equipments have been used by almost all the leading studios in the world and India is not far behind, as already twenty-two leading producers in the country are using R.C.A. Sound Recording System.

In the field of sound reproduction, R.C.A. has been perhaps the best Sound System in service and in competition. Go where you like, you come across an R.C.A. machine, so utterly reliable and efficient that exhibitors in the country swear by it, more so in these times when other intricate and delicate machinery requires so much of repair and so many replacements. The R C.A. is the popular machine for the wayside exhibitor who has no immediate resources of maintaining a repair service. At the same time, one of the best theatres in India, the Metro in Bombay, reproducing its pictures on the R.C.A. from week to week is an outstanding compliment to the R.C.A. Sound System which has been perfected by the best research scientists of America.

Comedian V. H. Desai has got Mumtaz Shanti in a good mood in "Kismet", a social story of the Bombay Talkies.

A wise beauty
who cherishes her skin

Mumtaz Shanti

uses

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THE BEAUTY SOAP OF THE FILM STARS

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Madhuri

Pahari Sanyal

RADHA RANI

SHYAM (Hero of Khamoshi)

NAZIR BEDI

ANITA SHARMA

MOHAN (only way fame)

TARA MOTA

and

Zahur Raja

MAZAQ

Direction
ZAHUR RAJA

Story and Dialogues
KAMAL AMROHI

Music
RAFIQ GHAZNAVI

Songs
ABID GULRAYS

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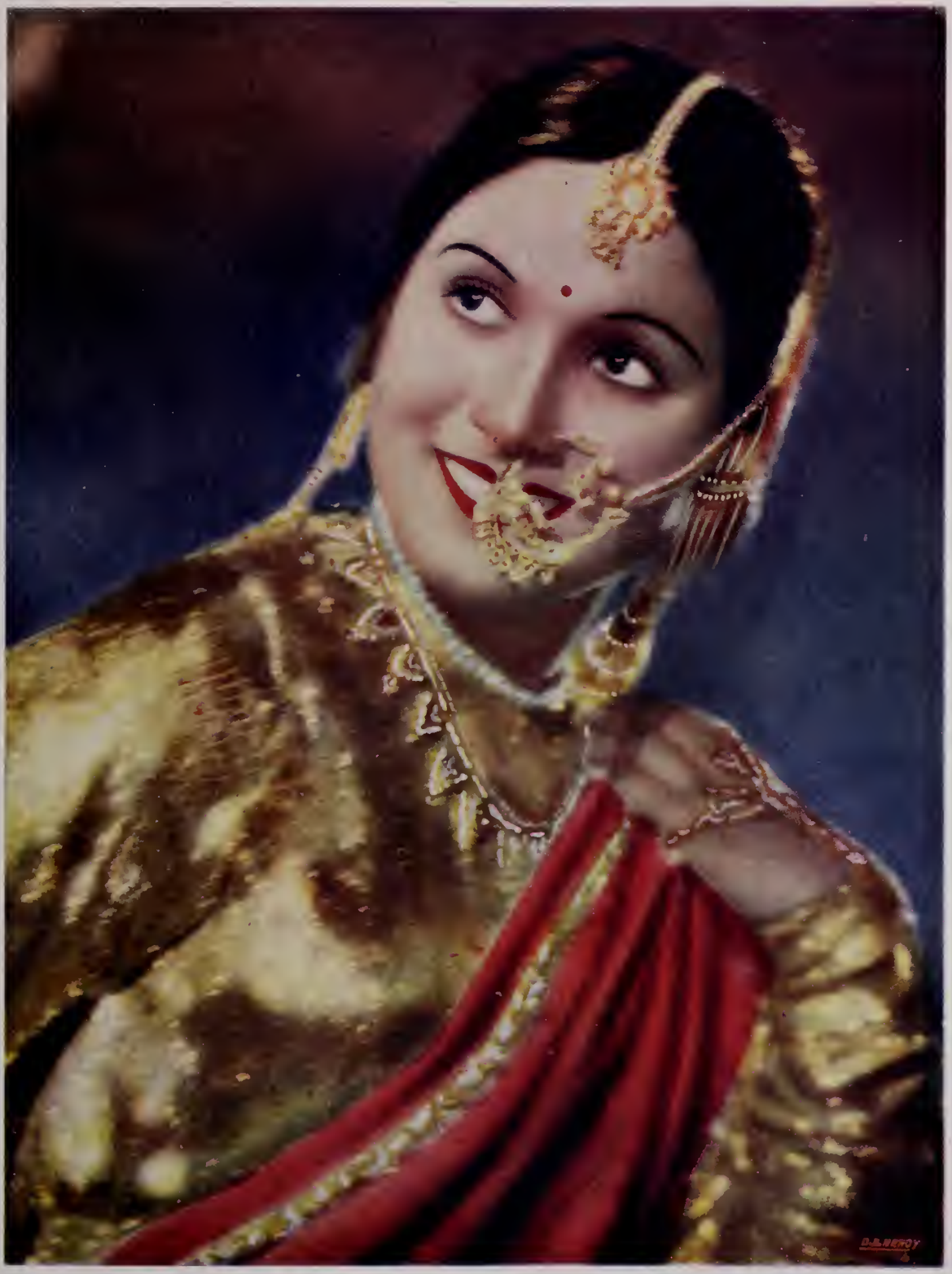

SHAMIM—

In her full armour this Ranjit starlet plays the heroine's role in "Arman" a social picture of Ranjit Movietone.

FAZLI BROTHERS

'CHOWRANGHEE' *Breaking Box-Office*

arrive in BOMBAY

BHAI-BAHEN

A DYNAMIC STORY OF THE ONLY LOVE
WHICH THE WORLD WORSHIPS

HUMAYUN

A COSTUME MASTER PIECE
OF MOGHUL TIMES.

Records in Calcutta 12th Week at "New Cinema"

Recollecting those Maddening Moments!

What an ecstatic experience it must be? Only those lost in love can know....!

SHANTA'S Lyrical Love For Narang In

DALSUKH M. PANCHOLI'S

ZAMINDAR

WILL REMIND YOU OF YOUR "MADDENING MOMENTS"!

A PANCHOLI ART PICTURE

Starring : **Shanta Apte, Manorama, M. Esmail, Ghulam Mohd., Anwari, Narang, Baby Akhtar, Ajmal and Durga Mota.**

and Directed by : **MOTI B. GIDWANI**

A FAMOUS PICTURES LTD.——RELEASE!

Editor's Mail

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

N. Punniakoty (Madras)

Are you not interested in the South Indian film industry?

I am but where is the film industry in the South? A few producers on a misadventure can not make an industry.

Kailash (Simla)

I hear, Leela Desai wished to marry you but you refused the offer?

Do you take me for a fool? The regret is that I have never had such an offer.

Ishwarlal Panchal (Bombay)

Has Ashok Kumar left the Bombay Talkies?

Not yet. But he may go out with some of the others who are likely to walk out.

Shri Ram Y. (Jaipur)

Why didn't Hari Shivdasani marry a Viennese woman? Why is he waiting for an Indian girl?

Poor man, he lost his chance in Vienna. There are so many good-looking waitresses there that any of them would have been only too willing to take on Hari in holy matrimony. But Hari's love for his country proved, probably, too much for him and he returned to India expecting Indian girls to wait for him on the pier. He is still wondering where all the girls in India have gone. With the country full of the wedded and the widowed, old Hari has to wait for the new-borns to grow up. By the way, what is the Amil community of Sindh doing about Hari? They can't afford to have so much manpower wasted.

Mahabir Singh (Dehra Dun)

How many times has Leela Chitnis been married?

Twice, to be exact. Have you any objection?

Dilip Dani (Ahmedabad)

Don't you think that Sushila Rani, your new secretary, would have been happier in her previous post as a school teacher?

Sushila Rani is a beautiful woman and as a school teacher in a native state, where women move in veils, she was like a beautiful flower in wilderness. Beauty needs a setting to blossom. I think Sushila Rani will be quite happy in "filmindia" if she doesn't succumb to the matrimonial flea-bite like Rita Carlyle.

Prem Parver (Bangalore)

Is it time that Director Kardar intends filming Dewan Sharar's "Love In Mārble", the beautiful story that appeared in "filmindia"?

Where have you been all these days? Kardar has been shouting about this production for the last eight months. Dewan Sharar has been staying at the Cricket Club of India all these months to write the story. Both of them together will take a longer time to produce the picture than Shah Jehan did to build the Taj Mahal. By the way, next time insist on calling Kardar a producer. He likes the new designation.

B. R. Vijayanarayan (Hassan)

What is your opinion on married girls from good society joining the film industry?

Shanta Apte appears once again in "Duhai", the new Sunrise picture, directed by V. M. Vyas.

10 MINUTES OF SILENCE!

It seems, Urmila has subjected Banerji (and herself) to the punishment of "10 Minutes' silence" for his being late by 10 minutes.

Alright! But, then, why this extra attention to the watch? Time won't fly—We assure her. It will take its own time!!

Oh! how silly these lovers are—and how fascinating!!

They make a fascinating pair in

Prabhat's

TEN O'CLOCK

Directed by: RAJA NENE

HINDI
"दसबजे"

Starring
URMILA, BANERJI, VASANT THENGDI, MANAJIRAO

MARATHI
"दहा वाजता"

Starring
RATNAMALA, KULKARNI, & BABY SHAKUNTALA

A FAMOUS PICTURES Ltd., RELEASE!

SOON AT **CENTRAL** BOMBAY

Anjali is one of those sweet little ladies of the Indian screen who always give good work without being in the limelight of stardom. Anjali Devi in "Uljhan" a social story of Acharya Art.

This is a problem for the individual to solve. If the husband happens to be a jealous type, the wife should not bother about the films where she has to be half the time in the arms of a stranger. But if the husband is broad-minded and if the woman has special talents and if their economic circumstances insist, then a risk can be taken. A general advice, however, would be for the married woman to keep away from the screen.

What has happened to Circo's "Nai Duniya"?

We'll see what has happened to it after it comes to the screen. I am sure a lot has happened.

Miss Sushma Oberoi (Lahore)

Don't you think that Madhuri looks Motilal's elder sister in "Sasural"? Isn't it time, she started playing roles which Sunalini Devi plays?

There are many like that—not Madhuri alone. But you mustn't size her up with Motilal as the standard. Moti is growing smaller every day and even little Vasanti will one day look like his grandma.

Philip Abraham (Mangalore)

I have fallen deeply in love with "filmindia's" new secretary. If I come to Bombay, would you please introduce me to her?

There are many producers in Bombay waiting to be introduced to her, not to mention the directors and the glamour boys who, nowadays, call on me under some pretext or other. Very shortly, I shall have to provide Sushila Rani with a body guard. The other day, she was mobbed at the Central Cinema by a crowd of college students and she missed two reels of the picture she had gone to see. Can't a man have a beautiful secretary without other people falling in love with her every day?

M. Siddalingana Gonda (Uchchangidurg)

What do you pay to your new secretary?

My respects. Sidda-what-not, you are a very inquisitive person. You are asking business secrets. What use are they to you in that jaw-breaking hole where you live?

M. A. Hafeez Sufi (Lahore)

Who earns the most, the producer, the distributor or the exhibitor?

The distributor earns the most. He draws blood from two banks—the production and the exhibition. The producer generally loses; when he starts earning he becomes a distributor to earn more. The exhibitor generally pays for all the fun of the other two.

What is your private life?

It is as public as it could be made. Some things I can't help but have to be screened to save the world a blush.

Shobhana Samarth maintains her reputation for charm in "Shobha" a social picture of Wadia.

At The **MAJESTIC** CINEMA, BOMBAY

and in the principal cities of Northern India.

Love

Lovelin

Dainty-Da

and

Daring-Dra

BOMBAY TALK

Production, bringing a b
smile all over the nation

Starring:

MUMTAZ SHANTI and ULL

with

MUMTAZ ALI, PRAMILA, SURES
PITHAWALLA, JAGANNATH.

Dialogues:

J. S. Casshyap.

L
Sa

Screen Play and Direction by:

AMIYA CHAKRABARTY

BASAN

Sastry K. (Madras)

I want the home address of Leela Chitnis for certain business. Please don't think otherwise.

I am not thinking otherwise but Leela happens to be a married lady and you can't afford to be so uncertain about your "certain business". Be a little more certain and I'll give you the address.

Vinay Kaul (Lallaguda)

May I know the address of the famous writer Dewan Sharar? I want to take his advice on film stories.

You couldn't find a better man. Dewan Saheb has trained many a young man to be a good film writer. Being a sincere man he gives his advice free, though he charges heavily for his stories. Write to him c/o The Cricket Club of India, Marine Drive, Bombay and you will find him a polite correspondent.

Vijay Chand (Hoshiarpur)

Is Saigal married at Hoshiarpur? How many sons has he got?

Now, who is interested in knowing whether Saigal was married at Hoshiarpur or Timbuktoo or for that matter whether he was married at all. All that we are interested in is the last song hit he sang and the next one which he will be giving. Hear him sing in "Surdas" and you will want to know where he was born and not where he was married.

M. N. Tanna (Pretoria)

What made Saigal join and Motilal leave Ranjit?

Money. One came in to earn more, the other went out to do so.

Virendra K. Bhalla (Aligarh)

I have an eye for acting and an ear for good music. Where am I to get the best of them simultaneously?

See pictures of New Theatres featuring Kanan Bala or wait till my secretary Sushila Rani comes to the screen.

K. Anil Kalapa (Cannanore)

How are the future prospects regarding the supply of raw films? Is it possible that some studios will have to be closed on this score?

Not in Bombay any way. Studios in Bombay are constructing more doors to admit free-lance producers.

What happened to the English version of "Raj Nartaki"?

It was shipped to America and now Producer Jamshed Wadia is wondering what has happened to it. By the way, the film didn't go under the "Lend And Lease" plan, but neither did it seem to be under the "Cash And Carry Plan".

Miss Shanti Sinha (Ranchi)

Please let me know the home address of Miss Mumtaz Shanti?

Shivaji Park, Dadar, Bombay.

R. N. Mindha (Jodhpur)

Someone told me that Protima Das Gupta is married to a Mohammadan?

She also told me that. The man is one Lt. Huq. Has Protima done anything wrong?

Dr. A. S. Sangha (Jhudo)

Is there no hope of Jayshree appearing on the screen?

Every hope. Wait a bit. Let Shantaram get started and Jayshree will soon be on the screen.

Zakir Raza (Fyzabad)

My friend says that you are fond of ladies. Formerly you had Rita Carlyle as your secretary, and now you have Sushila Rani. What is the matter?

Nothing is the matter. I am a perfectly normal man and as such being fond of women is the most natural attitude of life. Many, who find fault with me, would be only too willing to step into my shoes if only they had the chance to do so.

Amar Nath Saran (Allahabad)

Is there any remedy against our warden who objects to our having photos of film stars in our room?

Place his photo in the midst of the stars. He might relent.

Madhuri has now become a free-lancer. She will be now starring in "Mazaq" a social picture of Raja Movietone directed by Mr. Zahur Raja.

Fresh Fun for Filmgoers!
More Money for Exhibitor

BOMBAY TALKIES

MAKE THIS
DIFFERENT PICTURE.....

MUMTAZ SHANTI

and

ASHOK KUMAR

IN

"KISMET"

WITH

SHAH NAWAZ, V. H. DESAI,
MUBARAK, P. F. PITHAWALLA,
PRALHAD, DAVID, Etc., Etc,

Producer: **S. MUKERJI**
Maker of "Bandhan" & "Jhoola";

Director: ***Gyan Mukerji***

For Fuller Information, watch
November "filmindia" .....

K. Johri (Delhi)

I have got a romantic story and I wish to send it to Producer S. Mukherjee of the Bombay Talkies Ltd.?

Please don't. Just at present Mukherjee is not in a mood for romance. There is tragedy in his heart and he feels like killing his heroines.

Narendra Singh (Jubbulpore)

Rama Shukul was my colleague in school and college. I wrote to him personal letters but he never cared to reply. Is it true that people after becoming stars forget their old friends?

You have said it. And this Rama of yours is such a lazy guy that he misses all appointments with his male friends.

Who is the better artiste: Chandramohan or Motilal?

Both are very good in their own fields. Ask any of them and he will tell you that he sleeps with Art every night.

Thakur Shishma Singh (Bebhar)

Leela Chitnis being the mother of so many children still continues to play the role of a girl in teens. She makes the picture look thoroughly unnatural and one has to pity the director. Why can't you change her mind and remind her of her age?

Show me one man in the entire world who has guts enough to remind a woman of her age and get away with it. I am quite a bold chap but don't ask me to do impossible things.

Kumari Toola (Sukkur)

Where have Iladevi and Rajkumari of "Achhut" gone?

Rajkumari, once a N.T. star, is now a married woman. She seems to have retired from the screen. Iladevi is in Lahore, back at her old occupation. She also seems to have left the screen alone.

What has happened of Durgesh Nandini of "Pardesi"?

She has become Anjali Devi now and is seen in "Bachelor Father" and "Uljhan", two social pictures of Acharya Art Productions.

Where is Miss Rose nowadays?

Rose has just been taken up by the Prabhat Film Co. and will star in "Nai Kahani", their new social story.

Ramakrishna Dubey (Bilaspur)

Is it true that Shantaram is going to start his own film concern?

Nothing is true of Shantaram's plans unless they take place. A month back Shantaram was supposed to have purchased the National Studios. He got up on the dais and lectured about having done so to the entire staff. Today, we learn that some one else has taken the studios. Two years back, Shantaram was talking about getting the Technicolor process into India. That process is still in Hollywood. Now, Shantaram talks of producing "Shakuntala", that inimitable classic romance of Kalidas. Let us, however, wait till it is on the screen. It is quite likely that Kardar may produce the subject first. Don't hitch your entertainment to these big directors. They change so often.

G. H. E. Vanker (Durban)

Before introducing "filmindia" to my fiancee she used to call me the "Great", but now to my surprise she calls you the "Great". May be she has fallen in love with you?

Don't be alarmed. I am long way off. You can still hold her. As regards falling in love, don't worry. No one falls in love with me because I am not a very agreeable person. Couple of them committed the mistake and now they are cursing the day they met me. Tell this to your fiancee.

Why are the Indian pictures so long?

Because our Producers require a long rope to hang themselves with.

Will Devika Rani marry again?

Why shouldn't she, if Mr. Right comes along.

Prof. M. D. Tandon (Aligarh)

I am greatly interested in Kabir's life. May I know when "Bhakta Kabir", the picture advertised in your "filmindia" is coming to the screen?

I think this picture has already been released in some North Indian stations. It ought to be in Delhi very shortly. See it and let me know what you think of it.

Akhauri Baikunth Nath (Ranchi)

People always complain about your partiality to Ranjit and Kardar pictures. They say that you are a puppet in the hands of these two big financial concerns. How far is the allegation true?

People accuse me of all sorts of things. They have often called me a drunkard but no one has

SUSHILA RANI

In the August issue. we had promised our readers an autographed photo of Sushila Rani, expecting a reasonable number of replies.

By the end of August, the number of replies, mounted up to several thousands and we decided to distribute 2000 prints to selected readers.

This decision has brought upon us the wrath of thousands of other readers, who accused us of favouritism among many other things.

The directors of the Filmindia Publications Ltd., have therefore decided to insert a special three colour art plate of Sushila Rani, autographed suitably for the Divali occasion, in the November issue, so that all readers may get a choice photograph of Sushila Rani—something worth framing and keeping.

BEWITCHING BEAUTY

VEENA

IN A DYNAMIC ROLE

IN

ASIATIC PICTURES'

"YAD"

—A Soul-stirring Drama Of Human Emotions, Depicting Life As It Sobs and Smiles in Millions Of Indian Homes—

STARRING:

MAZHAR KHAN
V E E N A
S A T I S H
A Z U R I E
INDIRA DEVI
SHAHZADI
H A D I
and others

A Mazhar Khan Production

Direction:
MAZHAR KHAN

Screenplay & Dialogues:
PANDIT SHIV KUMAR

Songs
POET ARZU LUCKNAVI

Music:
K. DUTTA

If you want a 3-colour photo of VEENA free, send 1½ anna postage with this coupon

Coming Attraction -

"DUNIA MANE"

(IN HINDUSTANI & TELEGU)

FROM THE PEN OF **MUNSHI AJIZ** *WHO GAVE* "DUNIA NA MANE"

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ASIATIC PICTURES - MAIN ROAD DADAR-BOMBAY 14

seen me lying in the gutter. Some producers call me a blackmailer but not one of the blighters has ever come with money in his hand to buy me off. On the other hand some of them don't even pay my advertising bills. Some film stars think that I "womanise" but not one of them has ever offered to share her bed with me. Journalists call me a thoroughly bad man holding all the producers in terror, yet I am told that these very journalists hang like leeches to the producers and demand their pound of flesh in film advertising. We can't help the people talking. If you choose to believe things about me, by all means do so. One more won't make a difference to me.

J. T. Joshi (Ajmer)

What is an ideal husband for a film actress?

The man who has the knack to forget that he was ever born, whenever needs arise.

Mrs. Sati Gidwani (Karachi)

Married girls are not blessed with children while unmarried girls are— Why?

What has mere marriage to do with children and why does any one need blessings to have children? Children are the practical result of the cause and the effect theory. Procure a good cause and there is no necessity for blessings.

nehaprabha is all dance and grace in "Ever Yours", A Navyug picture.

To Friends and Fans

Friends and fans of "filmindia" don't seem to realise the important fact that to give a decent, saleable magazine every month, I have to put in at least some hours of solid work every day.

In their utter affection for me, they just do not allow me to do any work and either call on me at all hours or phone me up at all times.

Some people expect me to get them jobs as actors or actresses with different producers. If I could get them jobs so easily, I wouldn't be doing hack writing today. I would be running an employment bureau.

Some come to me with their literary abortions which they modestly call a film story. A particular friend of mine, quite a nice chap otherwise but for his passion for writing, made me rewrite his film story almost scene by scene. He will sell the story and get his money alright, but I had to give him forty courtesy lunches and a couple of hundred hours of my time, which I could have otherwise used to write "filmindia".

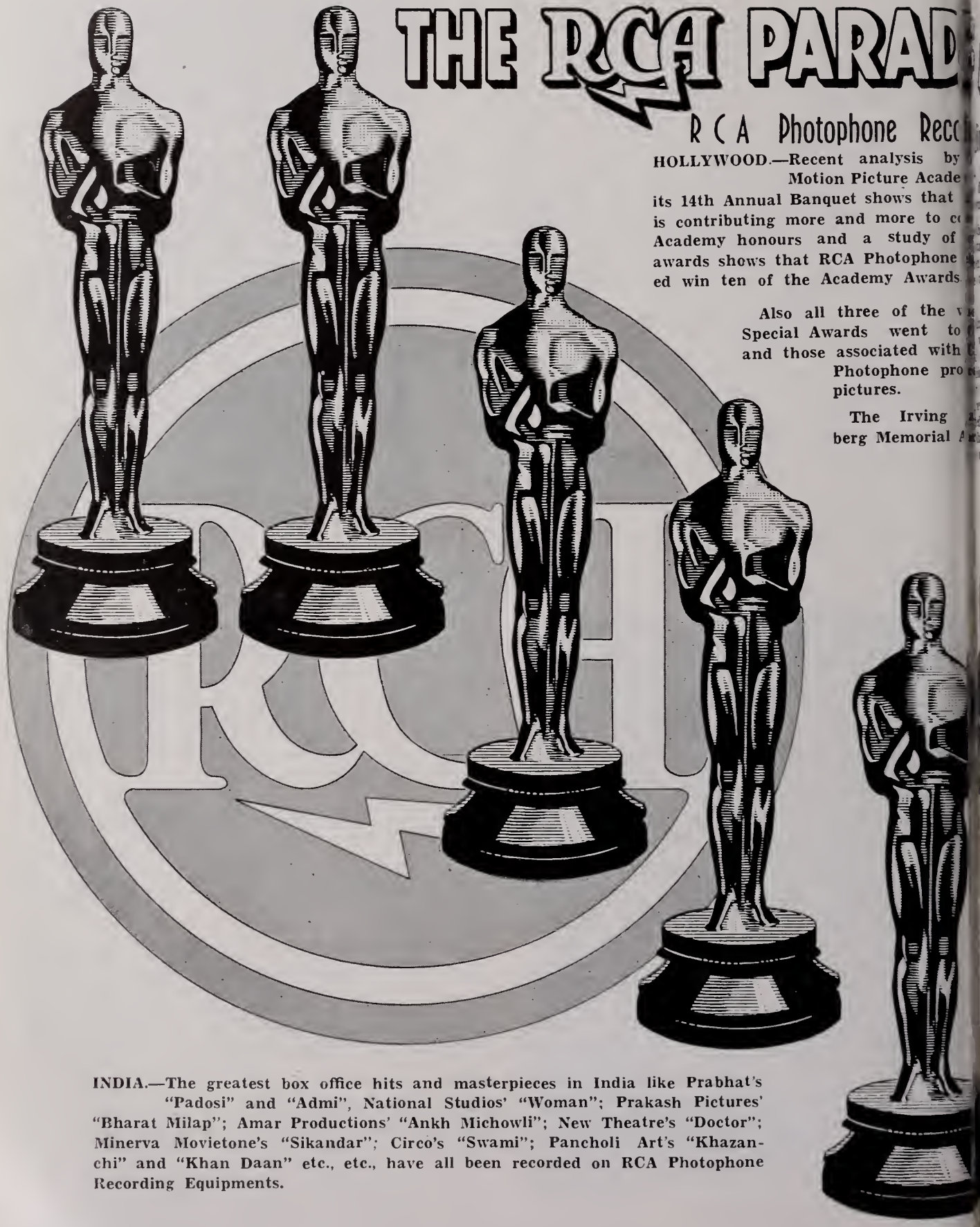
There is another type of visitor I often receive. He begins by inquiring after my health—though I have never been seriously ill in the last twenty years—and ends by looking at my beautiful secretary. I don't know why this type has to come to "filmindia" to see a beautiful woman when our clubs and public promenades are full of good-lookers every evening.

Still another type is the average sponger who drops in with unerring accuracy during tea-time and settles down to read all the evening papers, expecting me to give a political commentary on the possibility of the Allies opening a second front.

At this rate I shall have to close my own front doors very soon. I don't mind receiving occasionally good friends as visitors and welcoming business friends, but the idlers who come here thinking that my office is either a club lounge or a railway station waiting-room are definitely unwelcome.

I am very much in earnest about myself, and I am sorry I have no time to waste uselessly over people like these.

BABURAO PATEL.



THE RCA PARAD

RCA Photophone Reco

HOLLYWOOD.—Recent analysis by Motion Picture Acade its 14th Annual Banquet shows that is contributing more and more to c Academy honours and a study of awards shows that RCA Photophone ed win ten of the Academy Awards.

Also all three of the Special Awards went to and those associated with Photophone pro pictures.

The Irving berg Memorial A

INDIA.—The greatest box office hits and masterpieces in India like Prabhat's "Padosi" and "Admi", National Studios' "Woman"; Prakash Pictures' "Bharat Milap"; Amar Productions' "Ankh Michowli"; New Theatre's "Doctor"; Minerva Movietone's "Sikandar"; Circo's "Swami"; Pancholi Art's "Khazanchi" and "Khan Daan" etc., etc., have all been recorded on RCA Photophone Recording Equipments.

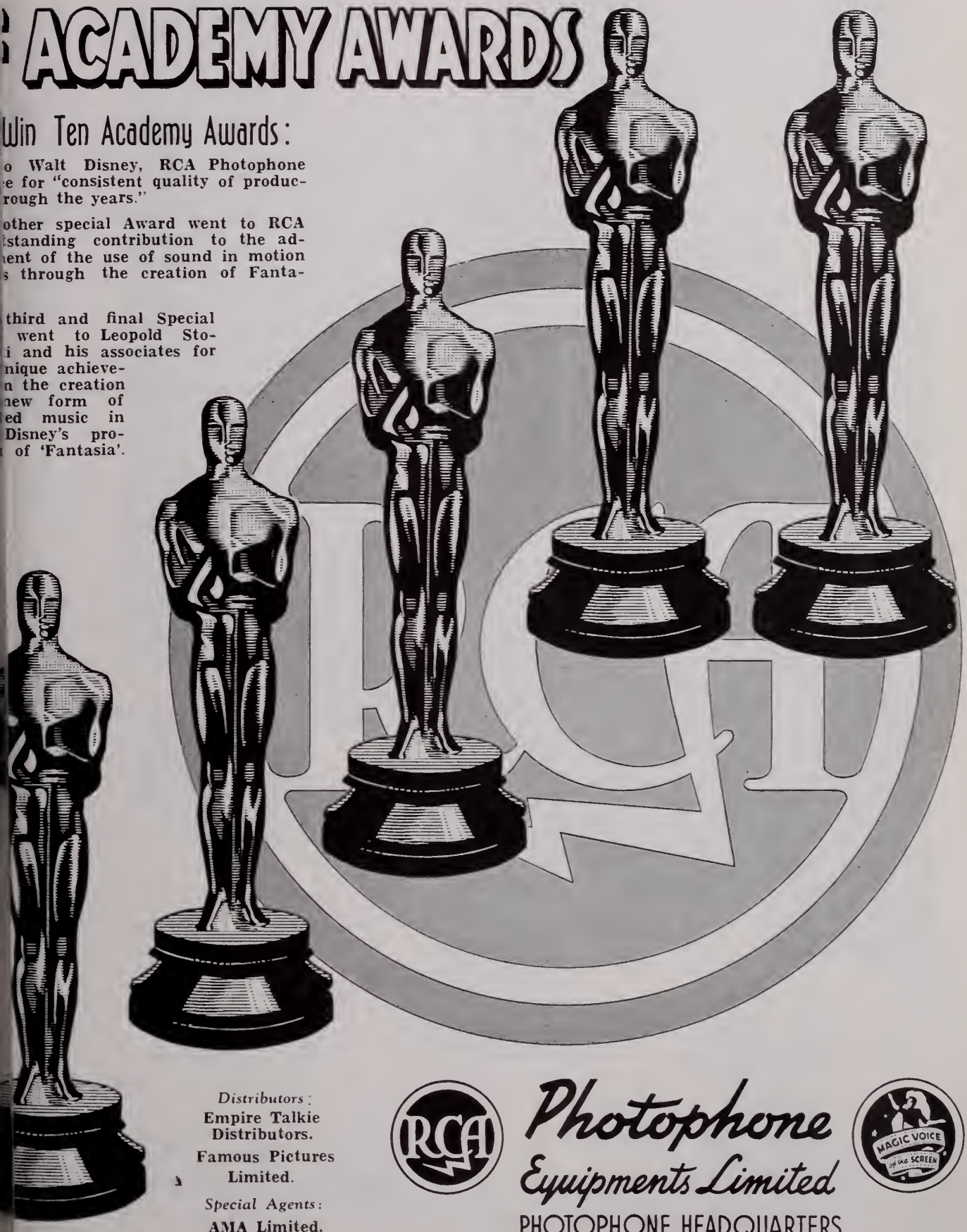
ACADEMY AWARDS

Win Ten Academy Awards:

o Walt Disney, RCA Photophone
e for "consistent quality of produc-
rough the years."

other special Award went to RCA
standing contribution to the ad-
ent of the use of sound in motion
s through the creation of Fanta-

third and final Special
went to Leopold Sto-
i and his associates for
nique achieve-
n the creation
new form of
ed music in
Disney's pro-
of 'Fantasia'.



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MAGIC VOICE of the SCREEN

Sant

DAMAJI

Cast

- ★ BABURAO PENDHARKAR
- ★ LONDHE
- ★ BAPURAO PAWAR
- ★ S. BHONSALE, SHETE
- ★ MISS LEELA
- ★ LALITA PAWAR
- ★ KUSUM DESHPANDE

Our Next :

पैसा बोलतो आहे (*Marathi*) : नरदनारायण (*Hindi*)

Story : *Scenario :* *Direction :*

Vishram Bedekar

Silver Screen Exchange

399 A LAMINGTON ROAD. BOMBAY 4

"Give Us A Real Kiss" Says Sushila Rani

A Plea For More Realism

By : SUSHILA RANI

To the majority of us, falling in love is a common experience and has in fact become a natural thing. We have educated ourselves into believing that this is no crime. Romance has become as palatable an article of diet, as any other, which gingers us up to no great measure. But somehow, the Indian screen has never shown to us, love in its real romantic colour. Instead of making it look natural, the screen has done all it can to cloak and camouflage it to the point of unconvincing artificiality.

It is agreed by all of us and critics shout from house-tops that the screen should represent life in its realism. Why then is this false sense of decency and modesty in representing romance in its true colours practised on our screen?

We are not at all bad imitators. We have been seeing pictures from Hollywood and many a director has unfailingly and unblushingly incorporated parts of a plot, some particular emotional situation, some flourish of technique, which called for our admiration. These have all found their way into Indian films, and honestly speaking, added to their betterment. While this is the case, why can't we be more enterprising and choose some more things which would add spice to our lives—I mean, the handling of love scenes in our Indian pictures.

PANDIT INDRA AS LOVER

In India, there is a strange misconception about kissing — that it is done only in the "immoral" West, and therefore we should abstain from showing it in our Indian pictures.

Had the objection been based on hygienic grounds one could permit it till the time pyorrhea was considered incurable and the "Odols" and the "Listerines" were not discovered. But in India, personal morals are always wedded to religious instincts and somehow through centuries our people have come to look upon kissing as an irreligious practice and therefore immoral.

The other day I asked Pandit Indra, a staunch pillar of orthodoxy, whether he had ever kissed his wife.

Panditji was shocked at the question. He looked suspiciously at me to ascertain whether I had gone crazy. When the question upset him so much, why speculate about the actual kiss! And Pandit Indra has been married twenty years. Being a woman I sympathise with his wife. There is at least one woman in modern India who has lived twenty years without getting a single kiss from her husband whom she has loved every minute of those twenty years.

Strangely enough, the very same Pandit Indra, in his capacity as a writer for the screen has written hundreds of sex-tickling songs and numerous passion-laden romantic situations suggesting advanced stages of human relations beyond the ordinary stage of mere kissing. How odd that from his million romantic situations, which he sold to our producers over so many years, he could not steal one kiss for his devoted wife who has been waiting all these twenty years, for perhaps the most spontaneous and harmless expression of a man's love for a woman!

Panditji perhaps runs away when a maiden asks him for a kiss, condemning kissing as an immoral institution.

Progressive Socials

For NATIONAL *UPLIFT*

WADIAS

MEET THE COUNTRY'S NEED OF THE HOUR

HERE'S TO A NEW OUT LOOK on LIFE!

SHOBHA

Starring **SHOBHANA SAMARTH**, and **SHAHU MODAK**, with **Mubarak, Kusum Deshpande** and others.

Director: Kumarsen Samarth.

HERE'S TO HINDU MUSLIM UNITY!

EKTA

INDIA'S FIRST SINDHI PICTURE

with a foreword by Sjt. **JAMSHED MEHTA**, Chairman, **HINDU MUSLIM UNITY BOARD.**

Director: Homi Wadia.

and

HERE'S to a cause that is dear to the hearts of INDIA'S MILLIONS!

INDIA CALLING

INDIA'S SECOND ENGLISH TALKIE

J. B. H. WADIA'S UNIQUE EFFORT. Will it picture the present struggle of India for independence?

ALSO UNDER PRODUCTION

ANKH-KI-SHARM ♦ MITHI MADHURI

WADIA MOVIETONE, Govt. Gate Road, Parel, Bombay

Can misunderstanding of human relations go further?

Professional writers like Pandit Indra quote Kalidas in and out of season, claiming him as their literary ancestor, all the time forgetting that Kalidas's romantic poetry, with its intimate descriptions of sex-glamour, has soothed many a sighing heart.

But why go to the graphic descriptions of Kalidas in the sixth century? Let us come back to Pandit Indra, in the twentieth century. Writes Pandit Indra in a song of "Return Of Toofan Mail" a Wadia-Ranjit picture:

"अभी छोटी हूं बालम जवान हो ने दे,
ज़रा सेजों का साजन सामान हो ने दे."

This is a prayerful appeal of a young maiden to a persistent lover who wants to take her to himself.

The literal translation is:

"Please wait, oh sweetheart, I am still too young,
Wait a while till I am ready for your bed."

In these lines Pandit Indra puts the hero in a devilish hurry to pull an immature maiden to bed, while he himself perhaps runs away when a maiden asks him for a kiss, condemning kissing as an immoral institution.

Panditji calls me a sister and I can't turn round and call my brother a hypocrite. But can I stop others from doing so?

Why can't we be more reasonable and understand real life and show it as naturally as possible?

CANINE PERSUASION

As I write, I can't think of a single Indian picture where I have seen a good love scene. Most of the love scenes I have seen on the Indian screen remind me of the canine persuasion we so often see in our streets. For instance, in a typical love scene in our pictures, we are shown a boy and a girl meeting in a garden or by the banks of a river. The girl gazes with her "heavenly" eyes (being in love!) and the boy approaches her. The girl then runs away from her lover, either out of "modesty" or to show the deftness of her feet (which are invariably far from beautiful) and an instant later the boy goes in chase. This process is repeated from tree to tree or from stone to stone if they are on a river bank.

One would imagine they were competing in a hundred yards dash and when at least they do happen to come close together, they seem to show a curious disregard for the voluntary impulses of nature. The hero still stands exactly three feet away and bursts out into a pathetic wail, which we are asked to believe, is a love song. At best this is amateurish and unreal love. The audience which is keyed up to a keen point of expectancy is disappointed (though few have the courage to admit it). But the same thing is repeated in every picture which makes me wonder what has happened to our "intelligentsia".

Our Indian traditions have trained us to think on peculiar lines—that love is something unnatural. At least, that is the impression one gets from seeing these Indian pictures. Leela Chitnis and Ashok Kumar were a fine romantic team, but whenever it came to a love-scene, the most that a director could do was to bring them tantalizingly close to each other, and cause undue tension in the minds of the audience and leave it at that.

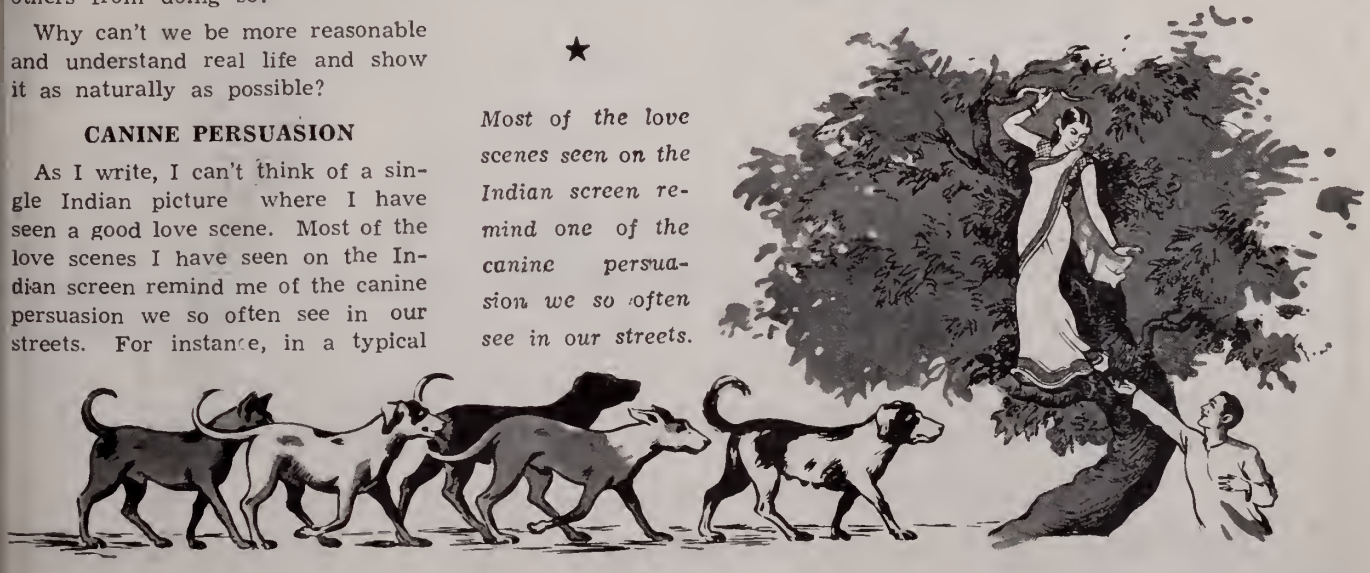
LOVE IS FIRE

I cannot think of any love that could be so easily conciliated by merely seeing at each other's face —or by touching the hand of the beloved, or worse still, resting cheek to cheek. Aren't we told that love is a fire that burns both the lover and the beloved? How then can one subdue this fire with long-distance love-making? Real love is not contemplative, but impulsive. Spontaneous self-expression is what is needed at that supreme moment and so in a love scene, kissing should not be considered as anything out of the way.

I am sure many of you will, as Pandit Indra did, condemn me for writing this frankly, and I can already hear quite a few thousand voices screaming at me—"You must be a person of a romantic bent of mind to advocate this...." Now, I ask you, which of you, who have been in love, can honestly say that you have not felt the desire for kissing? On the other hand, one misses it by its conspicuous absence in our films. Perhaps this sounds revolutionary or like a voice in the wilderness, but there is no getting away from the fact that it is a natural consequence to love. If it can

★

Most of the love scenes seen on the Indian screen remind one of the canine persuasion we so often see in our streets.



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be done in life, why not in pictures? Or stop saying that our pictures are mirrors of the real life around us.

Have we not been thrilled sometime or other by some of the famous screen romances such as "Marie Walewaska", "Marie Antoinette', "Camille", "Men In Her Life", "Gone With The Wind', "Son Of Fury"?

When sane and sober human beings of the West can lend such realism to their love tales, what is preventing our producers from following in their footsteps?

If they think that the first kiss on the screen will create a communal riot, they are mistaken. The descendants of Adam and Eve will never quarrel over a kiss unless an indiscreet one is delivered at the wrong address.

Love is a beautiful feeling by itself. How much more would its value be appreciated, if it was sincerely and feelingly portrayed on the screen! There is no need to be ashamed of showing reality.

After his remarkable success as a director of "Kurmai", which picture was declared to be a beautiful symphony of the art of story-telling on the screen, Director Nanda is now in charge of "ISHARA", the story of the famous writer, Dewan Sharar. "ISHARA" is the maiden picture of D.R.D. Productions.

Our ancient legends, our romantic stories, all abound in numerous and vivid descriptions of love—sometimes becoming so sensuous as to make even me, a 'moderner' blush.

We read of Majnu stabbing himself to death for his lovely Leila. They tell us that Farhad broke his heart and head waiting for Shirin. So died Romeo for his Juliet and a million other loves die every day sighing for their sweethearts.

Will our screen deny to these people a glimpse of reality through their favourite screen idols? Perhaps, the screen might console them for what they miss in their own lives.

Or shall they die waiting for a kiss like the Urdu poet who wrote:

"पसे मुर्दन, बनाये जायेंगे सागर मेरी गिलके,
लबे जांबख़्श के बोसे मिलेंगे खाकमें मिलके."

("At least after my death, when cups will be made of my dust,
And sweet maidens will drink their fill from them;
Oh, boy, will I then get kisses,
Which I missed in this Paradise of God.")

t least after my death, when cups will be made of my dust, And sweet maidens will drink their fill from them;
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•

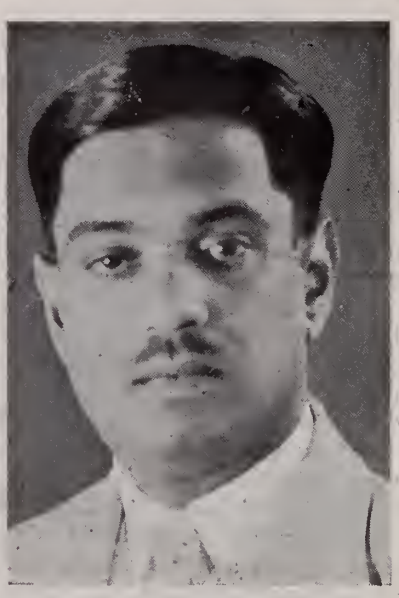
Starring:

MOTILAL — SWARNALATA — VEENA KUMARI — SUNETRA — BHUDO ADVANI — MEENA — HARI SHIVDASANI

Film Music Of The South

"Choose Thy Song" Says The Writer

By: R. SATAKOPAN (Madras)



Mr. R. Satakopan

They say that music is the language of the gods but when it comes from the "gods and goddesses" of the South Indian screen it seems to lose all its divine melody. A three hours' stay (often it is four and even more) makes it appear a three years' presence in Dante's Inferno; and for the folly of the payment made at the counter the penalty has to be paid in full.

Without dragging any particular picture, director, actor or actress into the mire it is worthwhile to give most of them a piece of the patron's mind and feeling about their idiosyncracy, if not idiocy.

Heroes, especially heroines, are selected for reasons which will not stand scrutiny. A fine tune sung in the radio and heard invisibly through the wireless, a word of recommendation from a friend who has his own axe to grind (in course of time he grinds it in company with the director), a desire to secure acquaintance or to reward a friendship once contracted (don't ask why and what) and a host of other suspicious reasons get into the field for which the penalty is paid by the ignorant public who are led away (or rather misled) by spicy and coloured advertisement.

Not that God's creatures must be found fault with. God made them (in theory at least) and therefore let them pass for men and women. But they have no business to make their unwanted appearance at public expense. The world will be thankful (though it may not be the better by it) if they confine their presence to the directors' antechambers.

It is the common excuse that the stars—they have very little resemblance to the things of that name either in Hollywood horizon or in the blue sky above—are selected for their (in the directors' judgment which is often very poor) musical talents; and for this faulty and criminal judgment — God have mercy on it—they make a cold-blooded butchery of the language of the gods.

First, their very figures with their unseeming curves and bends seem surely to have been intended by the Invisible Almighty to be invisible from the outside world—at least on the screen which is intended to hold up high ideals and ideas. Some are so fair that charcoal would make a chalkmark on the face. Others are such a huge mass of protoplasm that they would do better to run round the world before they think of a screen career, shedding one ounce of flesh at every step. In the South, thanks to the blunted vision of our screen deities, these creatures of god are taken wholesale and wholesome. No one could object to anyone earning and choosing a career, but the objection is only against their *public* acting, when they are least fit for it.

To match the angles and streamlines comes the dress. To the protruding (on all four sides, if not more) waistline is added many a waste line. They have to be seen to be believed, and truth is stranger than fiction. Thus for instance a South Indian "Sita" will bear no comparison to the Sita of Ayodhya. She is here, not rarely, a miniature mountain, gasping for breath at every step and for every song. Rama will bear no resemblance of ever having wielded the bow and arrow —leave aside the havoc he is depicted in the epic to have played with those mighty weapons and supernatural prowess—nor could any one say by a look at his broken walks and sunken limbs whether at all he could have broken Siva's mighty unliftable bow for winning the fair hands of his beloved wife.

Conversation is the least part of their qualification—the style, the mode of utterance, the bend of accent and the force of delivery. The golden days of the movie era seem a million times better by comparison; and when, as it sometimes happens, the talking machine fails and makes the talkie a silent movie what a welcome relief it gives!

Music is their hallmark, and for that they are chosen. For this piece of disservice to humanity which the directors make in their finds—or rather misfinds—the stars (excuse me for using an inapplicable name) make a clean murder of them.

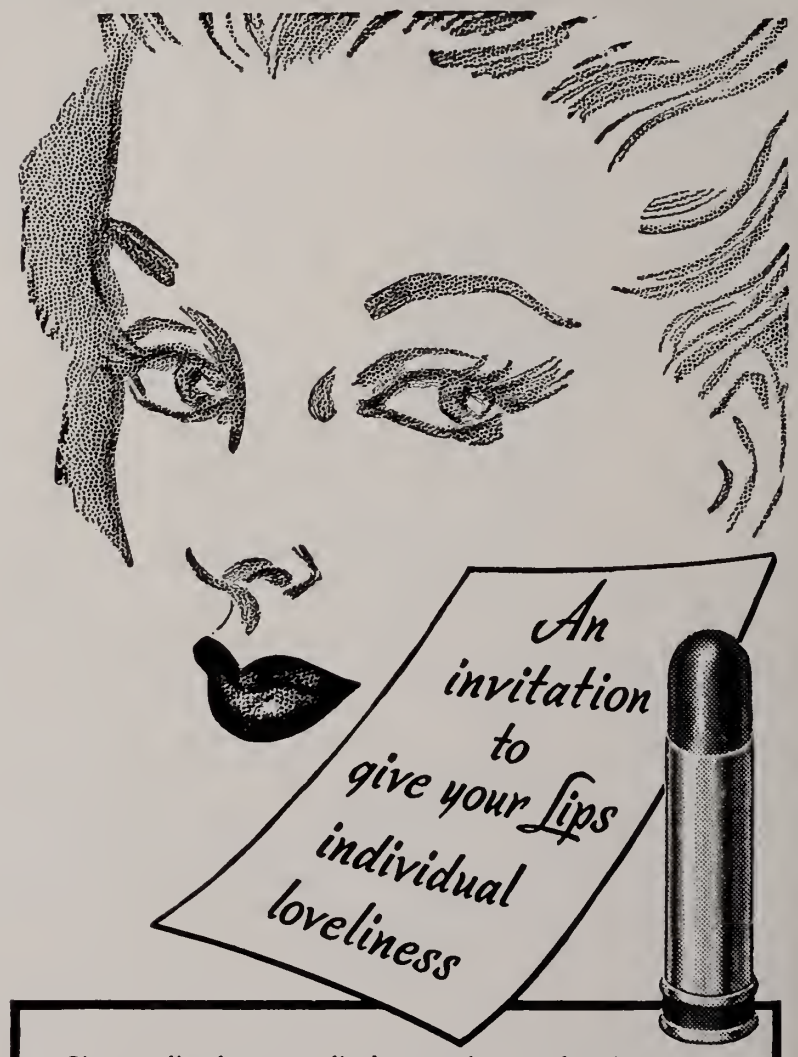
Trivial scenes turn poetical and musical; and a dialogue that could end in a couple of straight minutes is extended to cruel and curved twenty. Lovers in actual life must needs have infinite and impossible patience if they were to commit the folly of imitating the Southern Filmland, and conduct the love scene in full dress music paying attention to *ragams* and *thalams*, and making mincemeat of the sacred situation. And in what are considered to be rapturous situations our "stars" present themselves most distracted with their awful and woeful turning of their eyes, first to the director (their godfather and creator), then to the musical accom-

paniments, then to the cameraman and lastly to the appreciative lookers-and-hangers-on.

How sympathetic Dame Nature and all the crores of deities of the Hindu mythology play second fiddle to the demands of the South Indian Filmland needs a mention. The starting of the rains, the bursting of the thunder and the peeping out of the Sun all synchronise to the closing of the full-blooded music. The fearful Yama will be marching along yawning on his gory buffalo timing his arrival to the closing of the long-drawn-out music by the unfortunate dying man. Yama and his victim would appear to be meeting by engagement, and the nicety with which the mortally prostrated man would begin and end his music would make no pretensions of his impending doom.

Music there should be, but there is a limit for everything. Our directors—I speak with special reference to the South—would do well to remember that too much of sugar makes it sour. In a maddening chase after tunes every particle of aesthetic sense—if there is any—is lost. Hindi tunes found to be popular in South Indian markets are immediately adopted in local vernaculars. What a perversity of judgment and how awkward the result! The net result is that the charm of the original tune is lost in the clumsy mimicry. Originality seems to be the least part of our directors' (and even producers') valour.

It is said as a worthy piece of advice to ladies choosing saris, "Know Thy Colour". And it needs no argument to prove that a particular colour and pattern that matches a lovely little fair girl will work only havoc with one who is an embodiment of a rosewood, big-size almyrah. So also it may well be said to our 'stars' and their directors, "Choose Thy Song". Let it be limited, and also appropriate and applicable to the scenes. For in most of the pictures in these parts there are songs and songs everywhere but not a drop to relish.



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THIS STARDOM RACKET

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Stardom is too cheaply won in India. What sort of a film industry is this where every actress who isn't an 'extra' is a star and every actor who has the cameras focussed on him is a star? To begin with, many of them are being presumptuous when they call themselves actors and actresses — let alone stars.

Acting in India is still at the amateur stage. Any small town amateur performer is likely to turn in as good a performance as many of our so-called big stars. Which of us has not taken part in amateur theatricals at sometime or other? I have on several occasions stood before the footlights gesturing dramatically and spouting emotional passages.

When I compare the quality of my acting with that of some of our stars I feel that according to Indian film standards I was 'star' material. Still, I did not dream of calling myself an actress. I was just playing at being an actress and I was too too amateurish I thought. Yet here we have professional actors and actresses giving equally amateurish performances but calling themselves stars and earning large salaries.

Are they not ashamed to earn salaries which they do not deserve? You will say that this is a case of sour grapes and that I would jump at the chance to earn a large salary in the same way. True, who would not like to earn 3,000/- a month and to have a large fan following? But if I had this chance of stardom I would live up to this high film title and strive to improve my acting.

I am not talking of actors like Prithviraj and Chandramohan who

Spots some young woman who is easy on the eye and offers her a contract.

.....gesturing dramatically and spouting emotional passages.

are truly fine artistes. Prithviraj gleaned a great deal of knowledge from his work on the stage, while Chandramohan is what you might call a born actor. Unfortunately actors like these are all too few. I refer to the majority of actresses and actors who are composed of young women chosen to star in a film without having had any experience of acting before and young men whose only previous claim to being actors was that they once played the Romeo in a school play.

Surprise — sudden opening of the eyes and a convulsive opening of the fingers.

In Hollywood, one often reads of a young woman hitherto unknown who suddenly becomes a star overnight. Look into her past and you will find that she has been toiling in the extra ranks for years or that she has had years of experience in a School of Dramatic Art or in some travelling theatre company.

LOW STANDARD OF ACTING

What happens in India? A director or producer *spots* among his friends or acquaintances, some young woman who is easy on the eye and he immediately offers her a contract. She may be a complete nit-wit and she probably knows less about acting than she does about the death rate in Alaska; but she is given a leading role in a new film and called a star. Even the best of directors cannot show her how to be a great actress. She probably gives a very feeble performance but because the public is so used to a low standard of acting they accept her as a new star. But why should the standard of acting be allowed to remain so low? How can the standard be raised when college boys with three school plays behind them are put into highly dramatic parts and stand as typical examples of the present Indian star?

If there is any training to be done (and training must be done) it should come before the young actor or actress is allowed to star in any film. Once they attain stardom they feel they have attained their goal

Purely a primitive situation from "Roti", a National picture. Sitara and Sheikh Mukhtar seem to have a good meal which the little monkey seems to grudge.

and do not try to improve themselves in any way.

If it was a little more difficult for them to reach stardom they would try harder and incidentally be better performers. There is no school where the intricacies of the histrionic art are taught. No place, where they can learn about poise or the art of screen make-up. Therefore they can only learn these things from experience and from watching other stars before the cameras. The only way they can gain this experience is by starting if not from the bottom then at least at a point mid-way on the ladder of success. Small parts in films will give them a chance to watch the stars. I do not say they will always learn how to act from the stars. But by watching the faults of the other actors or actresses they will learn what not to do.

THESE COLLEGE DEGREES

A few of our actresses started their careers as dancers on the stage and this training has given them the poise they need for film work. Poise is so important. How can a gauche little unknown who has never before been in a studio be expected to display poise before the cameras?

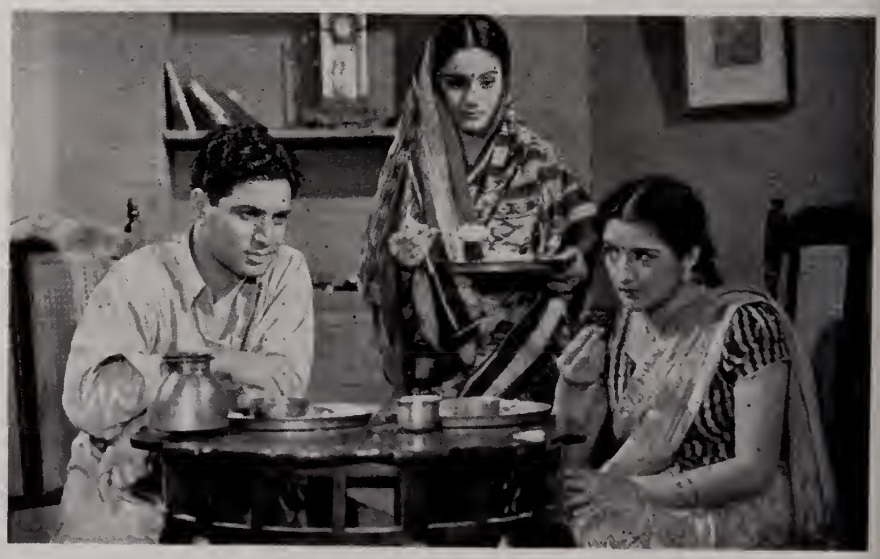
So many times I have asked actresses how they have become famous and they say "Oh Mr. So and-So the director, asked me if I'd like to work in films and I agreed. It was very easy and I became a star overnight when my first film was released." If it was as easy as that then you can understand what a poor thing this acting business in India is.

When I ask an actress if she learns anything from American films she is immediately on the defensive and says "No, I don't think they can teach us anything about acting." The colossal nerve, some of these actors and actresses have! America may have some lousy actors but there is 'puh-lenty' our artistes can learn from Hollywood.

Some people say that if we had more college girls in the film industry the standard of acting would be improved. I disagree. True, it needs intelligence to be able to really tackle a difficult part but it does not stand to reason that because a girl has a college degree she will be able to act. I have known many graduates crammed with books who are absolutely lacking in the natural intelligence, humour and sparkle necessary in the person who would be a star.

Our present style of acting is like that used for Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It is exaggerated acting. Surprise is expressed as in the good old silent days, by a sudden opening of the eyes and a convulsive opening of the fingers.

Our standard of acting will only improve when the little tin gods at the head of the industry stop this stardom racket!



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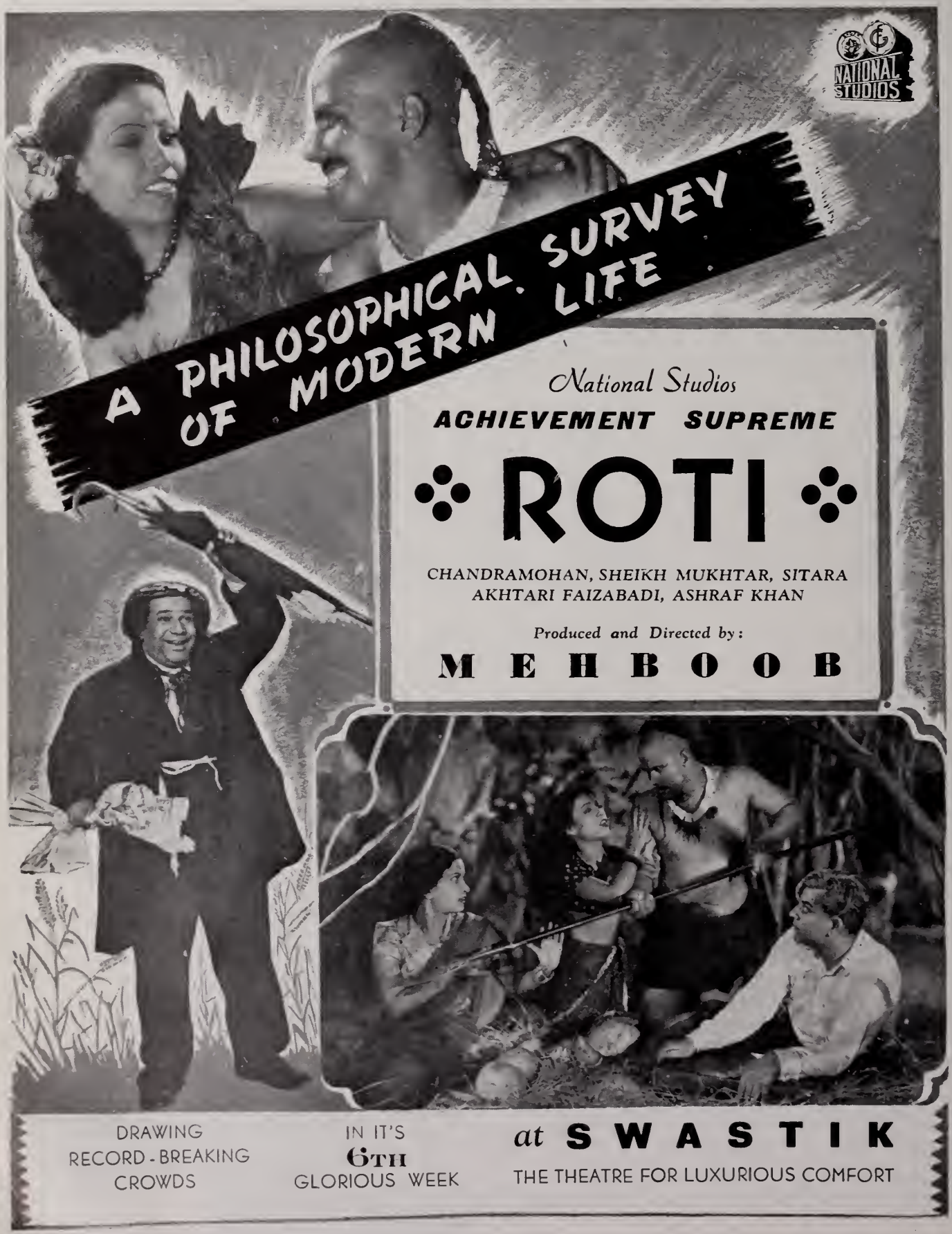
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The Congress Sphinx Speaks At Last

Sardar Vallabhbhai Suggests Production Of A Congress Historical Film

(By: Our Special Correspondent)

"My mind is entirely occupied with the Congress and the coming movement and I am not at all inclined to give any thought to any other subject. I have a one-track mind. At one time I can attend to only one thing. It is different with our leader Mahatma Gandhi. His mind is a huge cupboard with air-tight drawers. He can close one and open another at a moment's notice, without loss of efficiency anywhere. But that achievement is beyond me. So I shall be much obliged if you leave me alone."

These were decisive words and Sardar Vallabhbhai's forbidding countenance was even more stern and austere than usual. I lost almost all hope of getting him to talk about films, but being too seasoned a guy at this interviewing business I refused to give up effort. I reminded the Sardar of Bardoli that during my previous calls he had promised to say something when the All India Congress Committee Session was in progress. The sphinx seemed to relent when reminded of his promise and in his cold, steely manner asked, "So what do you want?"

"As you have very little time, I desire that you may say in your natural, blunt way whatever you can say about films and their function in our present-day society."

The valiant Sardar seemed to wear a faint smile, sort of a silver lining to a dark cloud, as he observed, "That is to say, I lecture and you take down what I say. No! That does not suit me. Ask your questions and I shall give the replies."

That was good. I was getting on. I shot at him at once "You do go to see pictures off and on and you do not shun them altogether as your leader does, I suppose?"

PLANNING ENTERTAINMENT

"I do see films sometimes but I can't say that they are my pet pastime. I do believe with Gandhiji that most of them are no more than trash. I am convinced, however, that our films can be turned into an effective medium of propaganda for the National Movement for an all-round regeneration of the people. I feel that we must have clearly laid out plans on what is good for the people even in the entertainment field and these plans must be resolutely carried out when we have the power to enforce them."

For a moment I thought I was listening to the President of the Congress Parliamentary Board and not to the leader of the Civil Disobedience Movement the Congress had pledged itself to launch. Finding him on the right track, I ventured with "Do you expect to get that power in the near future and in that case, make some plans for producing educative and propaganda pictures?"

"Yes, the Congress does expect that India will very soon be a self-governing country and then I have no doubt that in its nation-building activities, the provincial ministries and the Central Government will formulate and execute plans which will include exploitation of the films for educative and propaganda purposes."

"I am very pleased to know this from you who was President of the Parliamentary Board that once controlled the policy of seven provinces of India. But should we, indeed, need we wait to do as much as possible through private enterprise till we are in full possession of political power to carry out our plans?"

"Nobody says that. You are a special representative of the most prominent and influential film journal. It is your business to rouse the conscience of the film magnates to produce films that will combine entertainment, social education and national propaganda for millions of our masses."

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, patriot and leader.

"Yes, I entirely agree and interviewing you on this subject is part of the business that "filmindia" regards as its own. "filmindia" has always done its bit in building up intelligent public opinion by interviewing political leaders and other prominent personalities."

Going in this strain for some time when I actually stopped I discovered that the Sardar of Bardoli, inspite of his well known impatience, was a very good listener. "I am pleased to hear all this" said the Sardar thoughtfully, "I am sure your efforts will not go in vain, when a propaganda and education ministry in an India enjoying independence comes into power."

I continued "But for producing educational and propaganda films the leaders concerned must give a helping hand to such of the producers who will venture to do something in this useful field."

As soon as I spoke about the national leaders giving a helping hand, he looked up, stared at me and said, "Do you mean to say that our national leaders do not help the producers? When some studio in Poona made a pro-prohibition film, I helped it by allowing a scene of a meeting to be shot, which I was addressing and it is there in that film. Some of us do go to inaugurate new films and sometimes re-

Here is an interesting situation from "Damaji", a socio-devotional picture of New Huns Pictures.

pent for doing so because those films turn out to be very poor material, whether as propaganda or good art. The film producers must give some serious thought to their duty to the country and not merely to their profits. They must understand that they have to render a service by satisfying a social need of the people and intelligent public opinion must awaken them to their social duty and responsibility in this matter. If the desire is there, a good deal can be done, even without there being a National Government with definitely laid out policies."

FILM THE CONGRESS

"Will you make some definite suggestions so that some of us may work on that basis?"

"I shall do so with pleasure. But as I told you, I have not given any thought to this subject. I am unable to do so just now. Besides, my mind is preoccupied with quite other things than this subject of films. I however remember one thing: that your magazine recently distributed a supplement which purports to be a specimen scenario for a short film about Lokamanya Tilak's life and times. That specimen needs much improvement indubitably. It speaks of original research by some one, but it seems to me that the writer has not carefully studied Tilak's life. There is no reference whatever to the Home Rule agitation and the close co-operation between Tilak and Mrs. Besant in the Home Rule Campaign. Gokhale, Baptista, Kelkar, Khadilkar and last but not least Gandhiji must figure in a Tilak biographical picture. Lokamanya Tilak dominated the National Congress in his last days and Gandhiji has been doing so for the last twenty years. Indeed, a big film which will trace the evolution of the National Congress since the early eighties of the last century to this day is a subject that I can suggest off-hand. It would be an excellent educational feature for millions of our unlettered masses. After all how many even among our educated men and women have read Dr. Pattabhi's, Ambika Charan Muzumdar's and Mrs. Besant's books on the rise and growth of the Congress? A film would oblige even English-educated idlers"———

And here for the first time I noticed a real hearty, sarcastic smile on his lips because he was saying "And when we become free we shall add a reel of the Congress Session in which the Congress will be dissolved because its function will have then ended."

And then appeared Miss Maniben Patel, the Sardar's daughter, and I had to bid the old leader a good-bye.

"Come along, sweetie" says Shahu Modak to Shobhana in "Shobha" a Wadia picture.

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OUR REVIEW

"Roti" Leaves A Bad Taste In The Mouth!

Mehboob Fails To Deliver The Goods!

Morbid Story With No Entertainment!

"Roti" took a year in making. It should have cost over three lakhs of rupees. It was planned as an ambitious production of National Studios Ltd. by Producer-director Mehboob. Mehboob had the control and the run of the entire studio and the best equipment money can buy. Nothing was denied—no unnecessary hurry — no haphazard thinking, in short, all that an artist requires to reach his ideal was given ungrudgingly to Mehboob to make "Roti' a great picture.

Actually, "Roti" has become a thoroughly disappointing picture. It neither tells the story of its grim theme perfectly nor does it entertain the audiences in the light-hearted way in which some of the other Indian pictures do.

In short, "Roti" fails to attract as a motion picture. At best, it is an erratic assemblage of some good ideas at long intervals padded with a lot of unconvincing nonsense throughout its fifteen thousand and odd footage.

When I saw "Roti", I had tears in my eyes. In a moment I realised that Mehboob had wasted all his valuable experience; that the National Studios may now have to stop production; that our film industry even after its thirty years of existence should still be where it was before it began on its career in India; that even after years of training we could not produce a decent picture after being provided with all facilities and finance; that my own labour of years as a critic had failed to improve those that produce our pictures and thus contribute to the stability of our film industry.

Yes, I returned home a sad man. "Roti" had forced the realization on me that we must have really educated men as our film directors. Mehboob, good lad that he is, seems to have failed to size up the immense potentialities of the subject he was handling. The philosophical and the psychological demands of the subject entirely escaped him with the result that the picture has become an insipid, lifeless portrayal of a grim day-to-day story of human life.

A STORY OF CONTRASTS

As a matter of fact one finds more story and interest in the printed booklet of "Roti" than in the actual picture.

R O T I

Producers:	*National Studios*
Language:	*Hindustani*
Story:	*R. S. Chowdhary*
Screenplay:	*Vajahat Mirza*
Songs:	*Arzu, Ah and Behzad*
Photoplay:	*Faredoon Irani*
Audiography:	*Y. S. Kothare*
Music:	*Anil Biswas*
Cast:	*Chandramohan, Sheikh Mukhtar, Sitara, Akhtari Fyzabadi, Ashraf Khan, etc.*
Released at:	*Swastik Talkies, Bombay.*
Date of Release:	*25th Aug. 42.*

Director
MEHBOOB

The picture opens with some symbolic scenes of hunger and starvation. Some of these scenes are very well taken but they are all presented in a crude and morbid mould suggesting that life has nothing redeeming to offer save stark tragedy.

An attempt is made to show a contrast between the rich and the poor but the scenes used to portray this aspect of life are so sharp and crude, that the gulf between the two conditions of life looks like a bottomless abyss unbridgeable by human endeavour. And yet in a few hours a street beggar, by a slight confidence trick, jumps across the abyss and settles down as a leader of rich men.

Director Mehboob

If the idea in the story was to awaken the social conscience of the rich and well-to-do in favour of the starving poor, the picture fails to do that and on the contrary succeeds in making the less rich grab more wealth to be away from the slimy, chilly claws of poverty as portrayed in the picture.

While depiction of poverty should enlist sympathy and feelings of fellowship, the type of poverty shown in "Roti" arouses revulsion in the mind of the audience.

The writer claims to introduce a sort of a philosophic character, "Bhadak", in the picture. Bhadak preaches to the poor to be bold and grab the good things of life and incites the rich to commit crimes and be richer. And at all times he mocks at the world, suggesting thereby that all human efforts in whatever direction are misguided and doomed to failure. Surely, that is not the message that "Roti" was produced to tell, though the failure of the picture strangely enough proves that perfectly.

"Bhadak" is played by Ashraf Khan a well known stage and screen actor and his performance is so crude and appearance so slovenly

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Story, Scenario & Direction
M. NAZIR

Produced by
R. S. LAKHANI

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(BHAI)

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- **Gulab**
- **Shanta**
- **Anwari**

Story by **M. Nazir**

Starring:
?
?
?
?

Production Manager:-
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that whenever his face is seen on the screen, all philosophy dies a premature death. This character therefore fails miserably to maintain its role of philosophic punctuation to the story.

GREED AND LOVE

A beggar in the street, by a confidence trick, suddenly becomes Seth Laxmidas the gold-king of the city. For the sake of allowing some melodrama we make our peace with the idea. We are now shown scenes portraying the greed of Laxmidas for money. He piles up money by ruining many and by murdering his partner.

Somehow the motive for murdering his partner by locking him up in the strong vault is not strong enough. The partner seemed to be a nice, obliging man and did not seem to come in the way of Laxmidas. On the other hand he seemed to favour the union between his own daughter Darling and Laxmidas. The murder incident therefore does not fit comfortably in the general design of the picture.

However Laxmidas proceeds with his greed unabashed and yet finds a heart to love Darling. We are told in the booklet, that this feeling of love for Darling is the genuine goods with all its spiritual glamour not admitting any coercion. This is rather inconsistent with the greedy portrayal of Laxmidas. In his previous life as a beggar on the pavement we are only shown Laxmidas's desire to become rich. After he actually becomes rich, in no way whatever are we given an evidence of his sex-complex or of his amorous self.

If Laxmidas had wanted to marry Darling because she happened to be a rich heiress one can understand the desire as contributory to his greed for money. The drama would then have looked natural. But to imagine a type like Laxmidas, gold-greedy, heartless, disloyal and a criminal to possess a spiritual glow of genuine love makes it rather a tall story to believe. It is a psychological contradiction we don't easily find in life.

Darling knows about the murder of her father and plays the game of Laxmidas with the solitary idea of wreaking vengeance on him. The role of Darling is played by Akhtaribai Fyzabadi, a well-known crooner. One only wishes she had not played it. The role is supposed to belong to a beautiful sophisticated daughter of the rich. Akhtari turns it into a sort of a gift for the crude and ugly.

Now we go through several scenes showing the money-making abili-

Ashalata comes to the screen after a long time in "Sukhi Jeevan", a Paramount picture.

ties of Laxmidas. They do not help the story at all and can well be deleted without the picture suffering in any way.

IN HOODOOLAND

Then one day Laxmidas and Darling go on an aeroplane trip, but on the way the aeroplane makes a forced landing and drops them in some Hoodoo land where they meet Balam and Kinari and their band of junglefolks.

We are told that in this land of simple folks, people live in tune with nature and that there is no greed and no starvation. It is a sort of a primitive Utopia. Balam is their Chief, by virtue of his huge size and Kinari is his mate.

Here Mehboob makes an attempt to impress us with something unusual but ends by being ridiculous. The scenes in this land prove a cheap attempt to ape some Hollywood Hoodoo pictures. The only intention seems to be to show the bare thighs of Sitara and her dancer's legs. If Mehboob has counted on this idea as a box-office attraction, I must say that he has failed in it. The entire atmosphere in this Hoodoo land is artificial and unconvincing. The dances of Sitara have no school and with the rhumba music going on, one can not find out whether one is in the Hawaiian wilds or in India.

Sheikh Mukhtar looked a Hoodoo Chief in the role of Balam. But that is all. He couldn't act even a wee-bit when later on he had to face some emotional situations.

Laxmidas and Darling are well received in this Hoodoo land and well nursed and looked after by Balam and his tribe.

We are told that gold had never entered those regions and because we accept this fact meekly, a lot of gilt-edged philosophy is imposed on us through the conversation between Darling and Kinari.

Another disgusting shock we get in this Hoodooland is the sudden sex-consciousness of Darling who suddenly falls in love with Balam. Though later on we are told that it is because of the higher qualities of his heart etc., yet the early scenes portrayed on the screen suggest a perverted sex-starvation on the side of the girl who subordinates her intellectual demands to the physical hunger. And yet Darling is an educated, streamlined, sophisticated, modern, wealthy girl. One wonders whether she looked upon Balam as a good stud-bull.

Somehow Laxmidas and Darling manage to leave that land with the pet pair of buffaloes belonging to Balam and Kinari.

Missing the buffaloes Balam and Kinari come to the city to recover the animals and get a cold reception from Laxmidas.

With the arrival of Balam and Kinari to the city a lot of hotch-potch, which only Mehboob could allow, appears on the screen.

THE DIRECTOR FAILS

After going through numerous

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Pramilla is fast improving and she reaches the top in "Basant", a picture of Bombay Talkies

unconvincing and bitter experiences Balam and Kinari escape from the city with their buffaloes.

Laxmidas, on the other hand, fails to land the goods in a speculation and escapes with his gold and Darling in a motor car.

Both the parties meet on a sand desert, which comes into the picture for the first time, and there, though Balam is prepared to share his water-bag with Laxmidas, it is refused and both Laxmidas and Darling die in the desert. Though, I can't understand why Darling should be made to pay the extreme penalty when all throughout the story she keeps on being good.

Does the story suggest that we should all go to Hoodooland and live like Balam and Kinari? If not, then why was Darling killed?

Seeing "Roti", one is forced to the unpleasant conclusion that Mehboob has bungled badly as a director. He is generally good for action pictures in costumes, but he shouldn't pretend to handle themes which demand philosophical flights and psychological subtleties for proper interpretation on the screen.

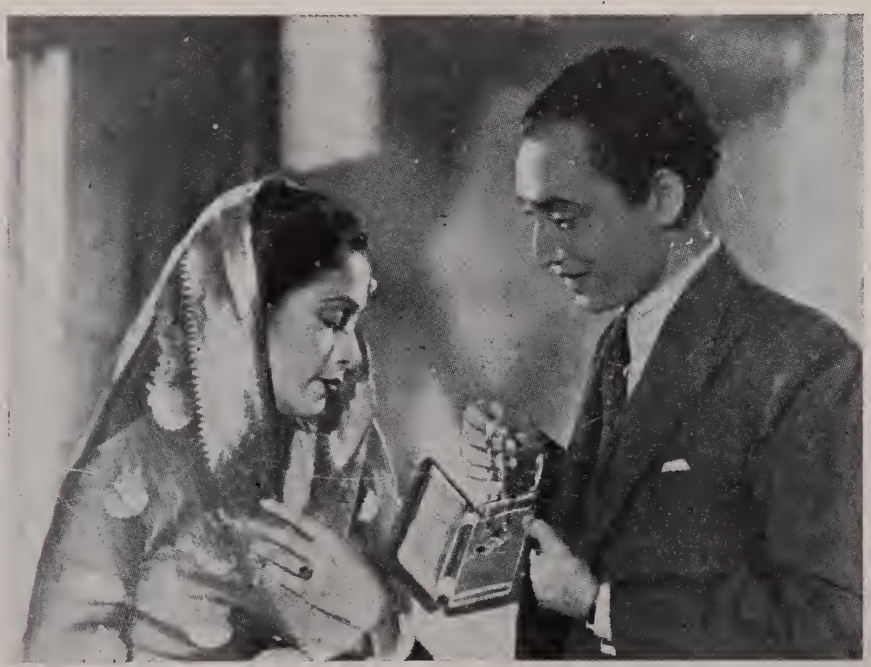
No one gives a really good performance in the picture including the great Chandramohan. Sitara strikes some pleasant spots a couple of times when dancing. And that is all the entertainment the picture has pretensions to.

The photography is quite good throughout, but for some of the crazy angles used to accentuate effects. This technique is now obsolete and is not found even in Russian pictures where it originated. These crazy shots divorce reality from the drama and the audience suddenly becomes camera conscious. The best camera work is the one that is not felt by the audience and a cameraman should never permit himself to use these technical jerks which take the audience away from the story—be it even for a moment.

The sound recording is far from satisfactory and at places the shrill, metallic sounds contribute to the morbid atmosphere of the story.

I would not like to see "Roti" again, nor pictures like "Roti" on the Indian screen.

And yet my heart goes out in brotherly sympathy to Mehboob who had given us brilliant pictures like "Woman", "Watan" and "Jagirdar" in the past and I hope he will make up for this lapse by giving us some brilliant work in future. One failure does not necessariiy condemn a good director. The defects of "Roti" are principally due to the writers round Mehboob who could have made the picture more logical and human, had they only strived.



Protima always liked little trinkets and she is quite thrilled when Kishore presents one to her in "Kunwara Bap", an Acharya Art picture.

The Price Of A Soul

(By : Khooshie L. Punjabi)

(The characters in this story are entirely imaginary and do not refer to any living person—The Author)

Knowing full well my aversion to private tuitions, Professor Hussain should never have saddled this on to me. But because he has a heart entirely of gold, he expects at least a little angelism from everyone, even from me. Therefore, irritated as I was, it was not possible for me to refuse coaching up Madhurika in World History and English, for an hour a day.

Sometimes it would take much more than an hour because she was always so tired and sleepy. However, it was plain that she was trying her best. It seemed to be a case of "the spirit is willing but the flesh.....".

One Saturday afternoon she was really tired. Nothing seemed to enter her head. But as my M.A. examination was still miles away and her First Year examination would be over in a short while, I persevered.

I tried to explain why the Roman Empire was no more, but to no purpose. Madhurika had frankly gone to sleep, with her head resting against the library bookshelf. She was just a plain looking Gujerati girl, about 19. Two plaits of thick black hair reached almost to her knees.

And here I was in the dusty and dirty overcrowded library of my 'Alma Mater', foolishly gazing at Madhurika while she slept like an exhausted child. And then she awoke with a start and apologised profusely. After a little while she asked, "Will you stand me some tea, please?" I must have hesitated, because at once she added, "I'll give you the money tomorrow."

It seems Professor Hussain had told her how extremely poor I was, and how I had to give three tuitions to wooden-headed daughters (women seemed to be my destiny!) of the idle rich, in order to exist.

Madhurika and I went to an Irani Restaurant and had an anna worth of potato wafers and a 'single' cup of tea each. After which she brightened up a little, and for the first time in my life, I went and sat on the Marine Drive with a girl!

She told me she was the only child in the family. She was born at Jaumpur, the capital of Jaumpur State. Her father who was in charge of the local primary school earned a meagre sum of eighteen rupees per month. He was an angel, but her mother—.

Ever since her childhood Madhurika had been pampered and petted by her father. It was always she who garlanded the 'honourable' visitors to the school. She was taught to sing the "Vande Mataram", and to recite, parrotwise, "God Save the King".

When a little older, she would sing folklore songs and dance self-improvised versions of rustic movements. And when the Raja's wife presented him, after much labour, with a son and heir for which a "garbha" was held, Madhurika danced and sang for it.

The Raja was so delighted with her that she was given a State scholarship to go to a High School at Baroda. And after she had passed her Matriculation, the Raja ordered that she go to Bombay and join the Presidency College. Her fees would be paid. Her books would be supplied. And for her maintenance, she would receive thirty rupees every month.

Bapuji had wanted her to stay in the University Settlement, but her mother—. And so she had to stay with her mother's sister, whose husband worked as an accountant in some big goldsmith's shop. They lived in a small tenement, in a lane off Kalbadevi Road. Madhurika gave the thirty rupees, as they arrived every month to her aunt. She was given two annas every day for her tram fare.

But Madhu (it seemed much

"Will you stand me some tea, please?" said she, "I'll give you the money tomorrow."

more natural to call her that) was not complaining. She wasn't the sort who would. I was the first person, besides Professor Hussain, she had talked to, since her arrival in Bombay. It was but natural that everything was being blurted out.

Soon after her entry into her aunt's house, it was apparent that all was not as it should be. It seemed the uncle wasn't doing well in the office. And so the maid servant was dispensed with, and Madhu was made to do the housework, except washing vessels and clothes, so that "when you get married you'd know how to look after h's house."

She would be woken up at five every morning. She had to prepare tea, get the water ready for bath, buy vegetables, come back and cook; have a bath, snatch a meal and rush to college. In the evening again she would have to cook the meals and then she would get very tired and rest her tired lids before long.

So that although she had been in Bombay since June, (and now it was February) this was the firs time that Madhu was seeing the sea, while the sun was setting, and the play of the rays on the crest: of the little wavelets delighted her heart considerably.....

* * *

Next week Madhu sat for her exams and returned to her Bapuji. Her name appeared at the bottom of the successful candidates' list. I was expecting her to fail miserably, but then, of course, I hadn't reckoned with the angel in the garb of Professor Hussain.

Madhu returned in the middle of June and joined the Intermediate class. But now she lived under a constant shadow. Due to her poor examination results her scholarship was in danger of being stopped.

And, in the meanwhile, her aunt's house had become a veritable hell. Her uncle had taken to drinking and many a time he failed to return home at night. And then her aunt would get very wild and throw things about, and scold and abuse Madhu for no fault of hers.

And so 'life' went on till January, which month brought them bad news all round. Madhu s scholarship ceased. Her uncle had swindled his firm of five thousand odd rupees and spent the money in drink and such like, and was now about to be prosecuted.

There was much debating and discussion on how to handle this. Late into night, almost every day, they would talk and talk. And more often than not, the uncle and aunt would end up in a free fight.

Madhu was not being sent back. She was doing all the housework, which her aunt had no desire to do. Besides, her fees for both the terms had already been paid. And she volunteered to walk to, and back from college to save the tram fare.

And then her father retired and had henceforth to manage, as best as could be, on a pension of ten rupees per month.

So that for Madhu, the starvation line extended from one end of the horizon to the other.

* * *

But now her aunt, who with all her faults was a dauntless fighter, took charge of the situation and tried to find a way out. She went and saw Sethji, her husband's employer, more than once and in the end prevailed upon him to come to their house, to see "if there wasn't a way out".

But things were hopelessly dismal, and there seemed to be no way out, said Madhu unless—.

"Unless what, Madhu?" I asked.

We had walked across to the Oval and were sitting on one of the benches. Some college boys were playing cricket, while their girls watched. And the setting sun's rays trickled through the leaves of a palm tree to dance on Madhu's face. And a tear drop from each eye fell on to the books in her lap.

"Unless what, Madhu?" I asked again.

"Sethji wants a wife."

I do not know how long we sat silently. The sun was no more and a stray star or two had already started twinkling.

An almost inaudible whisper, "He is sixty and has already got a wife."

"Madhu, is there no way out?"

"Yes. Suicide."

"No other alternative?"

A very long pause. I could almost hear the struggle going on inside her. And every now and then a tear would drop on the books in

(Con. on page 65)

"I would feel happy if first it was you—" said she coyly.

VEENA —

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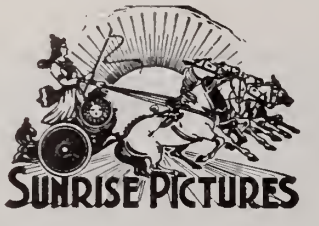

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★ **Nur Jehan** ★ **Ansari**
★ **Mirza Mushraff** ★ **Zarina**

"NARGIS"

Story by - **S. H. MANTO**

Direction - **SHAUKAT HUSAIN**

Starring:

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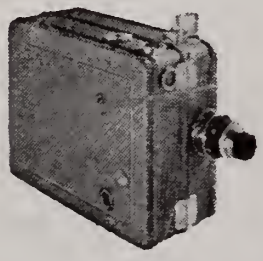

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(Con. from page 61)

her lap. And after a very long interval, she said, "Yes there is. He has offered alternative terms."

* * *

And then I left her home. Next day instead of going to college she came to my room. She sat down while I prepared some tea.

"What should I do?"

I said that was for her to decide.

"He is offering to pay one hundred and fifty rupees every month. And uncle will be spared if either of the proposals is accepted."

"Auntie says I could send fifty home, give fifty to her and keep the remaining fifty for myself.

"What would you do?"

"You mean what I did do?"

"You see, Madhu, when I had passed my Inter, I was suddenly told there was no more money. My father had left a good bit for me, but as I was young, his brother was in charge. And one day he went and got himself declared insolvent.

"He had surreptitiously kept back most of his property. I could have sued him, but in our world Justice is only for those who can afford it. And knowing that there is One who knows all, I dropped it.

"I was thinking of giving up college. But I met a very lonesome rich woman. And she saw me through the next two years. Just before my B.A. results were out, she died."

"Why did you do that?"

"So that my soul should survive! There are those who would barter their souls so that their bodies may thrive. I chose to vend the body so that my soul should survive!

"I could have married her. But such a marriage would have shackled my soul in chains. It would then surely have withered away."

* * *

Next day I saw Madhu at the college. Her eyes were red with much weeping and her little shoulders stooped with misery. And she said she had decided that her soul should survive!

That evening we sat on the Marine Drive while the sun was about to complete his daily journey.

Madhu said, "May I ask something of you?"

I said, "Please do."

"I would feel happy if first it was you."

And her little hand edged towards mine till I clasped it. Her eyes looked earthward.

* * *

It was arranged that she receive the money from next month, but the Sethji should wait till after her exams, late in March.

And so on the 7th of March, which happened to be Madhu's birthday, she and I went to Matheran. In the train Madhu sang a folklore song, softly.

"What does the song mean, Madhu?"

It was a song of thanks. A girl would sing it if she was getting a good husband. "When I was a child," said Madhu. "I had performed "Murakat'."

"What is 'Murakat'?"

"Unmarried girls do fast and 'Puja' to Goddess Parvati, for five days in the month of 'Ashad', every year for five years. On the first day we would plant some wheat in a little earthen pot. And on the fifth night we would be awake the whole night. And at dawn we would go to the village lake and submerge this wheat.

"We were told that if we did this. Parvati would grant us good husbands."

"Did she?"

"I don't know."

And then the little train at last chugged her way into the quaint station of Matheran. A coolie carrying our suitcase, we walked over to the Bombay Hotel. We bathed and dressed and sent for our dinner in our room.

After it was over we sat silently. Occasionally we would hear the bells which the wayfarers wore to

Wasti gives a splendid comedy performance in Kardar's "Sharda" a social story.

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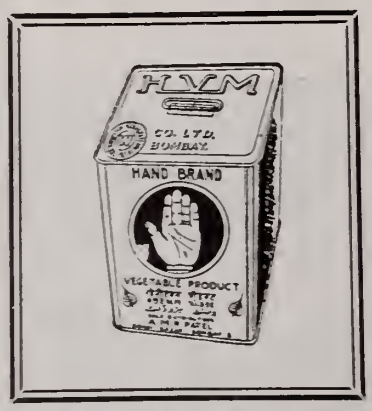

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frighten the snakes away. And now and then from the window we could see the glow of a hurricane lantern. which lit the path for someone. And sometimes we would hear the soft thud of the rikshaw-walla.

Madhu asked "May I dance?"

"Please do."

Then Madhu took out a 'thali' from the suitcase. filled it with some flowers, 'kunku' and camphor. She lit the camphor and then holding the 'thali' in her left hand. burst into a dance.

And after a little while she softly sang her song of thanks as she danced. And then she put 'kunku' on my forehead!

I sat there watching and listening. And after a while she put the 'thali' down and did a 'garba' round and round me. And she sang a very plaintive melody. And then the song was over and she sat down at my feet. And she touched my feet with her forehead. I gently lifted her up.

And then the world stood still!

On the 3rd day we returned to Bombay. Madhu was extremely depressed and nervous. And when our train entered the tunnel near Thana, she said softly. "Perhaps some day when you have a home, and want someone to look after it. perhaps then—.

"Oh but what am I saying. Forgive me, dear.... By that time I suppose I'll be a confirmed prostitute!"

And then the train thundered through the tunnel, and the deafening clamour drowned her whispered sob.

Madhu finished her examination on Friday the 24th of March, and on Sunday the Sethji was to come and Madhu was to "render unto Caesar—"

And on that day Madhu sat by the sea, watching the sun sink into the cool depths. And darkness was spreading over this world of ours'. The children who had been playing, were wending their way home and their joyful cries were receding.

But Madhu knew that after the night was over the sun would rise once again, and there would be brightness and warmth once again.

And so Madhu went 'home'. As she entered, she saw Sethji talking to her uncle. And an imperceptible shudder shook her body. He was an old man with more than "one foot already in the grave". Brown blotches spread all over his flabby face, — Stooping shoulders, — Protruding belly, — Shifty eyes behind gold-framed glasses. And a drooping whitish moustache!

Madhu walked into the inner room. And after a while Sethji entered it and clumsily closed the door.

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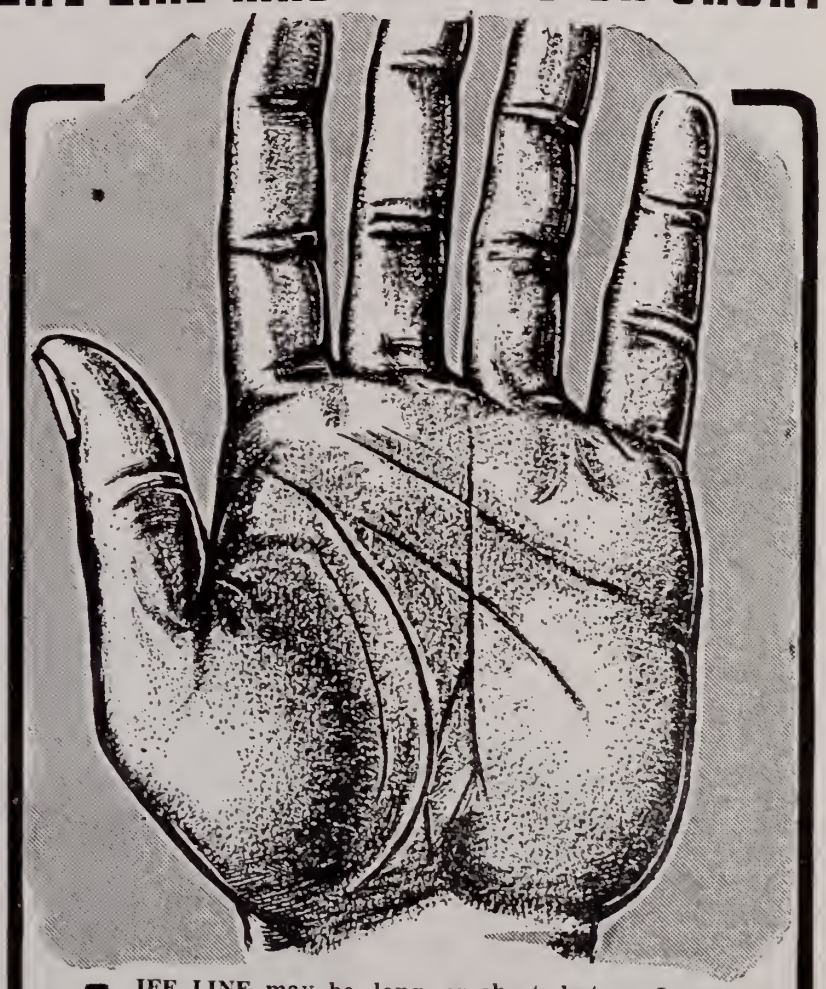

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NATIONAL STUDIOS (Bombay)

"Roti", their ambitious production of the year, has been released in Bombay. The picture seems to have appealed to certain sections of the public who like to see stark realism on the screen.

These people have already sold out their studios to Mr. K. M. Modi after a bit of competitive struggle with other offers. It is evident, therefore, that they will not be producing any new pictures. However, they have still got some pictures ready, namely "Apna Paraya", "Jawani" and "Lalaji".

D.R.D. PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Opening out with a huge splash of publicity, D. R. D. Wadia. has signalled to the world his entry into the film industry. In keeping with his usual big ideas, he has already got the maiden production of his company, "Ishara", going on the sets. Director Nanda who is in charge of the production seems to be pretty well satisfied with his coy-looking new heroine Suraiya, and we are sure that Suraiya's pretty and innocent face will keep Nanda's interest in the picture unflagged right up to the end.

ASIATIC PICTURES (Bombay)

With beautiful Veena as his main resistance Producer-director Mazhar Khan is now giving final touches to his social picture "Yad". The music of this picture is in the hands of Mr. D. P. Koregaonker, the celebrated musician, who has made almost every tune a lyrical poem of lilting melody.

Another picture that has gone to the sets in "Duniya Mane", a social story writen by Munshi Ajiz, who previously wrote a picture for Prabhat.

RANJIT MOVIETONE (Dadar)

After "Arman" goes off the screen at the Royal Opera House in Bombay, "Chandni", a social story, directed by Mr. Jayant Desai will come on the screen.

At the studios, they have got so many different pictures and themes under production that it is practically impossible to describe every one of them in detail. If names interest you, here are some: "Gowri" and "Vish Kanya" directed by Kedar Sharma, "Chhoti Ma" and "Bhakta Surdas" directed by Chaturbhuj Doshi, "Dukh-Sukh" directed by Ram Daryani, "Fariyad" directed by Jayant Desai and "Andhera" directed by Aspi Irani.

ACHARYA ART PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

"Kunwara Bap", the maiden production of the company, is bringing in good reports from all over the country.

The second picture "Uljhan" is also likely to make history as it is being released at the Roxy Talkies in Bombay. "Uljhan" features Sardar Akhtar, Mazharkhan, and others and is expected to give a good account of itself when it meets with the test of public opinion.

At the Shree Sound Studios, Director Kishore Sahu has already gone into production of a new picture which he quietly says is another comedy fashioned after "Kun-

When beauties meet, the world stands still—. But it didn't with Producer W. Z. Ahmed, in spite of Sushila Rani and Mysterious Neena. They all met at the Saraswati Cinetone, Poona, at the Muhurat ceremony of "Mun-"ki-jeet" the second social picture of Shalimar.

wara Bap". Protima Das Gupta is of course leading the cast, and it seems that Motilal has been thrown in for grace this time to make the whole affair rather thrilling.

BOMBAY TALKIES (Bombay)

"Basant" is another gate-crasher which has become popular wherever it has been released. It is likely that it will also break records like "Jhoola" and other Bombay Talkies pictures.

At the studios, Producer-director S. Mukherji is shooting his new social picture called "Kismet" featuring Ashok Kumar, Mumtaz Shanti and others. This new picture is expected to be ready before the end of November, and will be on the screen in Bombay, some time in December.

FAZLI BROTHERS (Calcutta)

If you meet Producer-director S. F. Hasnain nowadays, you would be surprised why he smiles satisfyingly—so long and so much--whenever someone hails him.

The reason is, the tremendous success of "Chowranghee" which is running in its tenth week at Calcutta showing no signs of leaving the theatre where the picture has been released.

Producer-director Hasnain has now come down to Bombay to produce four pictures for his company. They are: "Fashion", a social story of the present-day streamlined life; "Bhai-Bahen", a saga of sisterly love; "The College", a subject dedicated to the youth of our country; and "Humayun", a historical spectacle of the Moghul times.

With Chandramohan, Motilal, Mehtab and several other leading stars featuring in the different pictures, the plans of Mr. Hasnain are altogether very ambitious and imposing. His first picture "Fashion" will go into shooting somewhere during the end of October at the Shree Sound Studios.

PRABHAT FILM CO. (Poona)

"Ten O'Clock", the social story directed by Raja Nene is now getting the final finishing touches and will be on the screen very shortly

Director Kashyap has already gone on the sets for "Nai Kahani", a social subject featuring Jairaj and Rose.

On the other hand, Messrs. Damle and Fatehlal are now doing sketching and model work for "Ram Shastri", a semi-historical subject, which is likely to go to the sets in the month of November.

PANCHOLI ART PICTURES (Lahore)

As we get more and more news of "Zamindar", the new picture, from this company directed by Moti B. Gidwani, and featuring Shanta Apte, we are convinced that it is going to be as big a hit as "Khan-Daan". In addition to Shanta Apte, Dalsukh Pancholi has managed to secure Manorama, Gulam Mohamad, Mohd. Ismail, Baby Akhtar, Ajmal and many others who have already become very popular with the audiences all over the country.

The new picture that will now go into shooting is called "Poonji", the story of which has been writ-

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ten by Mr. Dalsukh Pancholi himself and the music of which will be in the hands of Gulam Haidar who took the people by storm with his lilting songs in "Khazanchi".

AMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

Director Virendra Desai is fast nearing completion of the social picture called "Thank You" featuring Nalini Jaywant and Satish. Another picture that is being produced by these people is a social story based on the life of a young society girl whose passion in life is dancing. This picture features Sadhona Bose, the famous danseuse of India and is being directed by Surendra C. Desai, affectionately known as "Bulbul".

SUPREME FILM DISTRIBUTORS (Bombay)

This firm has a number of pictures to be released lying ready with them. Their next in order will be "Chowranghee" produced by Fazli Brothers. From the huge lot that they have got in hand, "Jawab" featuring Barua and Kanan and produced by M. P. Productions, and "Khamoshi" featuring Ramola produced by Talwar Productions, are the two that attract attention.

SHALIMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

"Ek Raat", their maiden production, featuring Neena, Prithviraj and others has been bringing in very encouraging reports from Hyderabad, Karachi, Madras and other places where the picture seems to have made a tremendous impression on filmgoers.

Producer-director W. Z. Ahmed has secured on lease the extensive Saraswati Studios situated in Poona. The other day, in his usual royal style, Producer Ahmed made a new start with two pictures tentatively called "Mun-ki-jeet" and "Film Actress". In both these pictures Neena will be the main attraction.

KARDAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director Kardar seems to be a much worried man in these times seeing that he is busy with one thing or other concerned with his numerous productions. Already he is through a number of scenes of "Sharda", his first social picture, and he will soon set the ball rolling by starting the shooting of "Namaste", to be directed by his two loyal and faithful assistants, Sunny and Sadiq.

Director Kardar has signed down Jagirdar who did so well in "Padosi", for his picture "Kanoon". For "Namaste" he has been able to collect an imposing cast consisting of Kishore Sahu, Protima Das Gupta, Jagdish Sethi and Nayampalli.

CHAMARIA TALKIE DISTRIBUTORS (Madras)

News comes to us that this influential distributing office under the management of Mr. Tarachand has done thundering business in Telugu and Tamil pictures. They are already distributing Gemini Productions for the Andhra Territories and they have recently started buying up Hindi pictures for the South.

With the little acquaintance which we cultivated with Mr. Tarachand

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we could find out that in his competent hands this concern is likely to be perhaps the most prominent distributing office in the South.

RAJA MOVIETONE (Bombay)

To expect Zahur Raja to remain idle is to expect the Sun to rise in the west. Right after his first picture "Badal", he has started his own production concern and has taken up "Mazaq," a social subject for production. The story has been written by Kamal Amrohi, who made a name by writing that famous picture "Pukar" and the music is given by Rafiq Ghaznavi, while songs have been written by Abid Gulreys, and the picture will be directed by Zahur Raja himself.

The cast is led by Madhuri and Pahari Sanyal with Radha Rani, Shyam and Zahur Raja supporting and Anita Sharma adding the spice of romance.

Zahur has already started shooting this picture and knowing his speed and efficiency, we are sure he will complete it within the next two months.

INDIAN ART PICTURES (Bombay)

This is a new producing company which has started shooting its first picture "Angoori" at the Circo Studios in Parel. With Kaushalya and Ullhas in the leading roles, and with Pandit Indra writing the lyrics for the lilting music given by Mr. Durrani, the producers seem to have secured all the necessary items of success. We wish them every success.

SUNRISE PICTURES (Bombay)

Producer-director V. M. Vyas is once again on the war path. With another story by Mohanlal Dave called "Duhai", once again he wants to break box-office records as he did in the case of "Ghar-ki-Laj", taking up Shanta Apte, Nur Jehan, Kumar and others.

He has put them all together in this new picture which he hopes to complete by the end of November.

Another picture that has gone into the sets is a social story called 'Nargis".

STOP PRESS

As we go to the press, we understand that Producer-director Shantaram has commissioned that well-known international novelist Dewan Sharar to write his new film subject "Shakuntala" based on the immortal literary classic of Poet Kalidas.

This unique combination of two masters in their own fields promises to give the nation a spectacular production of which the country would be proud.

NAVYUG CHITRAPAT (Poona)

"State Guests", their social comedy has been released at Bombay at the Krishna Cinema and is entertaining Navyug fans. At the studios they are shooting a comedy featuring Snehprabha, two more social pictures which will go into shooting very shortly, are also like subjects designed and intended to entertain.

WADIA MOVIETONE (Bombay)

Producer J. B. H. Wadia has sold out his studios to Mr. Shantaram for a very lucrative price, and yet he has got a number of pictures under production which he will complete before handing over the possession. The pictures are: "Shobha", "Ankh-ki-Sharm" and, "India Calling" the second international talkie in English.

CHITRA PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Their maiden production "Kisi-se-na-kahna", starring Leela Chitnis has been lying ready awaiting release. The second one that has gone into the sets is "Pratigya" and is being directed by Mr. Nandlal Jaswantlal. Already Producer Gvalani is busy preparing the script of the third one and it is likely to go into shooting sometime in the month of November.

SWASTIK INDIA LIMITED (Bombay)

This popular distributing office will be releasing "Vanmala" a social story at the Novelty Talkies in Bombay. Another picture they have in hand is called "Barat" produced by Kirti Pictures.

PRAKASH PICTURES (Andheri)

They have almost completed "Churiyan", a social story, featuring Maya Banerji and Prem Adib. Another social picture which will shortly go on the sets is called "Pan-

Leela and Lalita face each other in "Damaji" a social picture of New Huns Pictures.

Ram Dulari and Romola in "Khamoshi" a Supreme release. Wadia Movietone.

ghat" the story of which has been written by the well-known writer Pandit Indra. Director Vijay Bhatt is busy with his spectacular production "Ram Rajya" which is expected to go on the sets in the month of November. The story of "Ram Rajya" is written by Mr. Aundhkar and not by Dramatist Vartak as was previously reported by us. We are informed that Mr. Vartak is in no way connected with Prakash Pictures and our previous information, therefore, must have been wrong.

NEW HUNS PICTURES (Kolhapur)

"Damaji" is now receiving the final, finishing touches and will be soon shown in Bombay. The picture has become an excellent production and featuring, as it does, Leela, Baburao Pendharkar and Lalita Powar, it is bound to be a terrific box-office success.

The new social story, which is a comedy, that has gone into production is called "Cash and Carry" or "Nagad Narain". Baburao Pendharkar and Kusum Deshpande flow with a Burmese costume in this picture and they look quite original in this drapery. The picture is being directed by Mr. Vishram Bedekar, novelist and dramatist, who gave us the maiden production of New Huns Pictures, "Pahila Palna".

EASTERN PICTURES (Bombay)

"Badal", their maiden production, is awaiting release.

The new picture that has gone into production is called "Dawat", a social story written by Mr. M. Nazir, who is incidentally also directing the picture.

Producer Ramzan Lakhani has very ambitious plan for the future and will shortly announce a number of productions for the year 1942-43.

PARAMOUNT FILM CO. (Bombay)

This distribution office under Mr. Kikubhai Desai is making headway gradually and will shortly be releasing "Sukhi-Jivan", a social story featuring Ashalata.

MOHAN PICTURES (Andheri)

"Zevar", a social story, featuring Indu Rani, Jayant and E. Billimoria was released on the 11th of September at Delhi and the Studio reports to us that it was well received. Another picture which they have in making now is called "Firman" and quite a good lot of this picture has already been shot. The company has given birth to another subsidiary called "Ramnik Productions". This new subsidiary has signed down Leela Chitnis, Leela Desai, Harish and several others for immediate production of two pictures.

Wasti acts a big tease in "Sharda", a Kardar production now on the sets. The others in the snap are Ullhas (left) and A. Shah (right).

OUR REVIEW

"Arman" Becomes Beautiful In Parts

Kedar Sharma's First In Bombay

Once in a while the Ranjit Studios which generally specialize in turning out crowd-catchers with a remarkable consistency of success, take a risk and produce a picture conceived and planned on bold and sensible lines, regardless of the aspect of its box-office success.

In parts "Arman" is one such beautiful risk, which, while failing to provide mass entertainment, still helps to provoke plenty of thought all throughout its pretty long footage.

True, there are a lot of inconsistencies which don't do any credit to Kedar Sharma, the well-known story writer and director. To quote one instance: Meera, the young and beautiful daughter of a village artist, is on that inevitable water-maiden stroll with music on her lips and probably an empty pot on her head. A motor car rushes past and though she is startled, she is not surprised. Only a little later, we are taken to a village where the motor car has arrived and all the villagers are crowded round it wondering what the contraption is. We are asked to believe that a motor car has never been seen or even heard of by any one in that village. Supposing we believe this tall story, what would be the natural reaction of Meera when a motor car rushes past her? Surely, she would not be merely startled.

Then in the village lives the artist, the father of the heroine, who has also not seen a motor car in his entire life-time and he is an old man and a painter in addition whose name has travelled beyond his own village (a hundred miles away according to the dialogue of the hero, Kanwar Sahib), how does he then earn a livelihood in that village by painting portraits without being in touch with a town where only a market would be found for his paintings?

If an artist turns a village into a studio for his work, he has still to go to the town nearby to sell his wares. Villagers don't buy paintings and certainly not those who have never even seen a motor car.

Yes, Kedar Sharma must admit that it is all a bit confusing and a lot unconvincing.

A PHILOSOPHIC THEME

The theme of the story, however, flies at times on the wings of philosophy and at places assumes a lofty thought. The plot, yet, is simple.

To the village of Vyas, the old artist with a young and beautiful daughter in Meera as the only other member of his family, comes Kanwar Saheb, the son of a big zamindar of Baldeo Garh. He drives to the village in a powerful car right up to the house-step of the old artist. Evidently, the village had a modern motor road, though the villagers had never even heard of a motor car.

ARMAN

Producers:	*Ranjit Movietone*
Language:	*Hindustani*
Story, Dialogue & Songs:	*Kedar Sharma*
Cinematography:	*D. K. Ambre*
Audiography:	*T. Patel*
Music:	*Jnan Dutt*
Cast:	*Motilal, Shamim, Nagendra, Meera and others.*
Released At:	*Opera House*
Date of Release:	*22nd Aug. 42*

Director:
KEDAR SHARMA

He commissions the old artist to renovate some family paintings and runs back home. The hero has travelled a hundred miles to do so. The only benefit the story gets from all these sequences is that the heroine, Meera, sees the hero and falls in love with him. The hero, of course, does not see her. Had he done so, half the philosophy which the writer has dished out, when the hero goes blind, would have to be suppressed.

Kedar Sharma, writer and director of "Arman"

We are soon taken to another rather unconvincing scene wherein a good number of girls play husband-choosing with the different portraits in Meera's father's studio. Now everyone in this world, who has seen two pictures in a life-time, would guess that the heroine will, after meeting all the world as an obstacle, pick with an unerring aim the photo of the hero even though she had to find it like a needle in a hay-stack. One can't understand why an intelligent and resourceful writer like Kedar Sharma, should have to fall back upon this ancient situation which has been exploited a million and odd times by all writers during the last five hundred years. The sequence by itself does not help to push the story forward.

In Baldev Garh, Kanwar Sahib has an old-fashioned hysteric father and a villainous uncle who acts as the Dewan. This villainous Dewan is again a type that has been stereotyped a thousand times on the screen. All the time he indulges in a crude type of villainy which begins with a cheap dancing girl and ends with the usual usurpation. One thing, however, which he forgets to do is to poison his brother, the king, and for which act of kindness we must be eternally indebted to Kedar Sharma.

Motilal goes blind in "Arman", a Ranjit picture, and breaks the heart of Shamim.

A SCIENTIST PRINCE

Coming to Kanwar Saheb, the princeling is shown as a scientist in search of "a ray that would register photographically the effects of pain and pleasure on the human brain". We hope Kanwar Saheb had invented that ray to enable Kedar Sharma to find out the ratio between the pain and the pleasure the audiences went through during "Arman". However, like all great things this was not destined and Kedar Sharma takes us into a phoney laboratory where we are shown some fantastic light flashes to give evidence of scientific research. We are asked to humour the director by believing this to be the true stuff and as we are ourselves in a good humour, we don't mind doing so. We don't even whisper to the neighbour that the whole thing is a pure humbug and that Indian producers should not really make fools of themselves by rushing into scientific regions.

After some time we discover that the scientific laboratory and the research for the fantastic ray have nothing to do with the story proper, beyond finding a scientific excuse for making the hero blind. In one of the experiments, Kanwar Saheb goes blind. He could have obliged us in that way by falling from a horseback and getting a severe shaking in the brain. After all, the evidence of the blindness rests solely on a dialogue by a doctor. And as we believed the rest of the dialogues, why not one more from a medical authority?

With the blindness of Kanwar Saheb all the scientific research ends and in the end when he gets his sight back, through a quack's remedy, he gets the heroine and feels that in her he has got "the ray that would register 'automatically' the effects of pain and pleasure on the human brain." That the "scientific research" has nothing to do with the story whatsoever is clearly shown, and one wonders how Kedar Sharma, of all people, could have allowed his imagination to run loose without the bridle of common sense.

Before going blind, the Kanwar Saheb had, however, commissioned Vyas, the old artist, to decorate the palace hall with murals. Vyas and his daughter Meera travel a hundred miles in a bullock cart and unaware of their patron's sudden blindness arrive at Baldev Garh.

RATHER MILD STUFF

Within a few minutes of their arrival, in fact, immediately after they get down from their cart, the old artist presents his credentials to the sentry and is admitted into the palace, while Meera, the daughter, as if guided by the hand of

Jeevan offers some bangles to Maya Bannerjee in "Chooriyan" a Prakash picture but—

Gulam Mahomed and Ibrahim create thrilling melodrama in "Khan Daan", a Pancholi picture.

destiny, manages to stray into the palace gardens. The gardens were not guarded and evidently any one could enter them without a challenge.

True to expectation, and that is one thing about Kedar Sharma who never lets you down, being a very reliable person, the blind Prince is standing in the garden fully-dressed for dinner and, for a moment, every one takes him for one of the marble statues which one so often sees in our city parks.

One cannot understand why in his own garden, the Prince and a blind person at that, should be dinner-draped. Don't we go into a garden to relax?

Here is the moment where the blind hero meets his beautiful heroine for the first time. A beautiful conception no doubt—But how is it expressed in the picture?

The heroine had previously seen her hero with his sight intact. She is already deeply in love with him. When she enters the garden she still thinks that he is perfectly normal. She tries to attract his attention. He is attracted and turns his face in the direction of the sound given by Meera. Meera still does not realise that the Prince is blind because for all photographic purposes his eyes look perfect. A moment later the Prince drops his stick and begins to grope for it. And now Meera realises that the Prince is blind. She restores the stick and looks at him sweetly and tenderly, as if blindness is a boon to a human being.

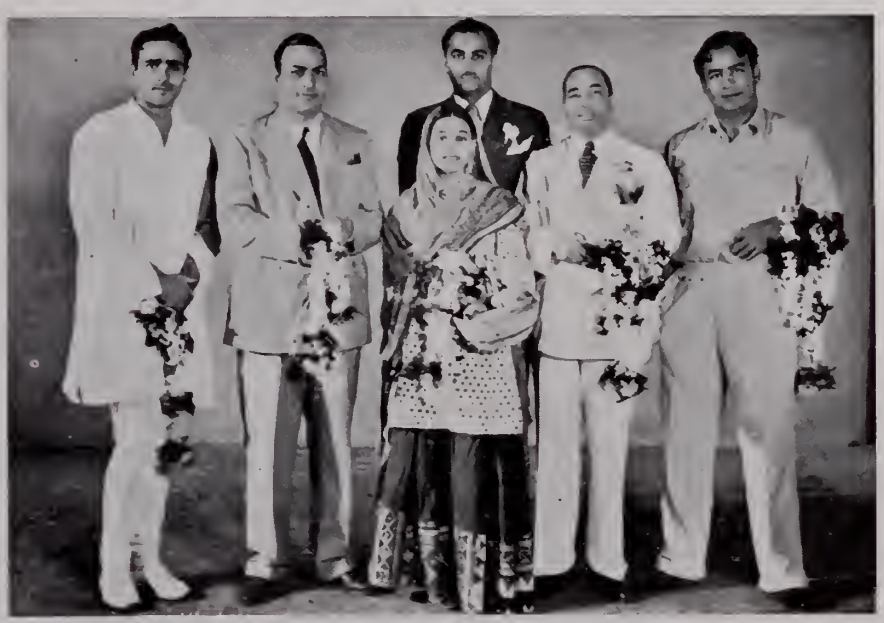
May we know whether our near ones would react so mildly if one of their beloved suddenly lost sight? Kedar Sharma has exercised a lot of mental restraint in spots where the human mind should have burst out into a torrent of emotions.

However, the heroine is quickly reconciled to the fact of her hero being a blind man and now begins a romantic interlude between the blind hero, who, though he can't see, yet feels the beauty of Meera, and the heroine.

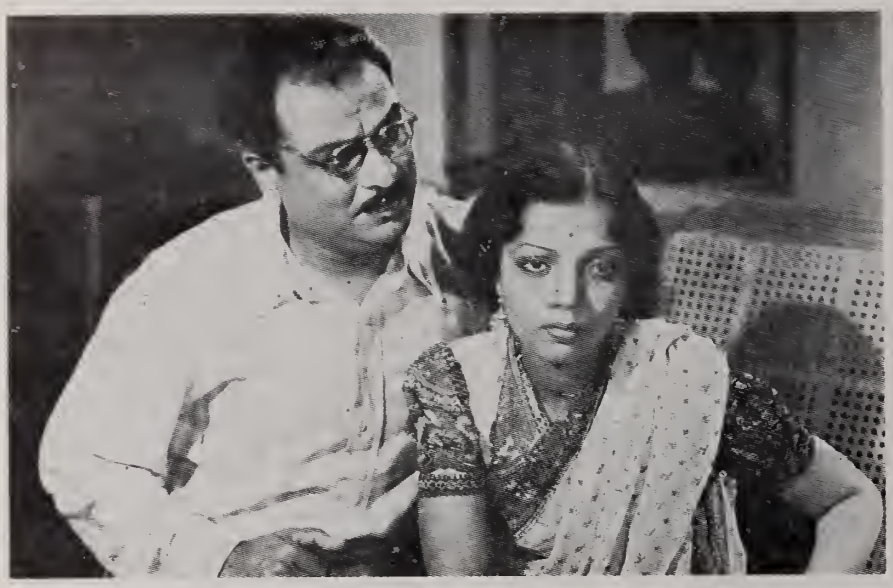
The romance progresses much to the dislike of the villainous Dewan who teases the old king into separating the lovers. The Prince is packed off and Meera is heart-broken.

THE SADHU EPISODE

Meera's condition makes her father desperate and he raves and



At the "Muhurat" ceremony of "Ishara", the maiden production of D. R. D. Productions, they all obliged us with a photograph. From left to right: Prithviraj, Director Nanda, Producer D. R. D. Wadia, Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall, Jagdish Sethi. In the foreground is Suraiya the heroine of the story.



Salvi and Snehaprabha play together for the first time in "Ever Yours", a Navayug picture.

kills himself in a fit of temporary insanity. Meera is now an orphan and for a while lives with one of her village girl-friends. But she has to leave that place and very soon devotes herself to the service of God.

And now Meera comes across a Mahant (a Sadhu) who knows herbal medicines. The Sadhu suddenly shatters his asceticism of years and looks purposefully at the youthful charm of Meera. Very soon he is seen making indecent advances. He promises to restore sight to the Prince, if Meera agrees to submit herself to his carnal desires. In an interlude of mutual restraint, the precious medicine is prepared and the Sadhu demands his price in flesh. Meera, however, manages to escape after killing the Sadhu.

This is rather a tall situation to believe of a true spiritual follower. And yet we would like to suffer it because in real life we do sometimes find scoundrels knowing some rare herbal remedies.

The girl now rushes with the medicine to the palace. The blind Prince has now become a King, his father having died in the meantime. The Prince is being looked after by a dancing girl appointed by the villainous Dewan. When Meera brings the medicine to the palace doorsteps, after a struggle, she is compelled to hand it over to the singing girl.

Next day the miracle happens and once more there is light in those royal eyes which had darkness before. But now Meera is brought to trial before her very lover for the murder of the Sadhu. For a time things go against her but when she speaks, her voice is recognised by Kanwar Saheb and the lovers are once again united. It ends well.

Kedar Sharma claims to be an intellectual and always invites true criticism of his work. We have, therefore, been a bit more elaborate about his work, as writer and director of "Arman".

The dialogues of the picture are, of course, superb. That is one thing in which. Kedar Sharma, the master of language, can not disappoint you. The songs are also well worded and some of them are well sung, in addition.

The cameraman revealed some negligence in taking out-focus long shots especially in some outdoors, inserted on the early songs.

Among the artistes, the best performance was given by Nagendra Mujumdar as "Vyas' the old artist. It was almost true to life. Motilal as "Kanwar" seemed to think that immediately a man goes blind his brain stops thinking and his facial muscles get paralysed. Shamim looked sweet as "Meera" but that is all.

To sum up a long story, the picture is beautiful in parts, excellent in basic conception and well taken pictorially. Kedar Sharma should have, however, been a bit more logical and careful about his shooting script.

They make a fine pair—Hansa and Jairaj—in "My Village" a social story of Laxmi Pictures.

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